The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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NEW YEAR.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Happy New Year! art coming to bring
Love, joy, and peace on thy fluttering wing?
Something is whispering low in my ear,
A blessing awaiteth thee, this happy year.

Years of the past, how mockingly sweet—
Haunted by echoes of his coming feet—
Advancing, retreating, now fast, and then slow;
Art coming New Year my crown to bestow?

I have waited so long for the feet of my king;
I wait for the crown he cometh to bring;
Though he crown me with thorns, love their points will conceal,
Change pain into pleasure, and woe into weal.

BEULAH.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

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XXXV.

WITHOUT CECIL.

I was walking in the garden to-day, when who should join me but Ruth, who had come through the latticed-gate.

"Are you looking for Rupert?" she asked with that sneer of hers.

"Are you looking for Lord Carrick?" I responded.

"I suppose—it is such a chilly day—that my lord stays in his study, and Sir Ghost in Hades—and the forlorn one walks alone."

I understood her innuendo.

"Cecil has gone away," I said. "He stayed with me until eleven last night, and as he went off in the midnight train, I think he was quite devoted."

"Quite," said Ruth. I knew she was surprised. The last she had known of us we were living apart, with no apparent prospect of reconciliation.

"Where has he gone?" she asked.

"I didn't ask him where he was going."

"And you don't know."

"I do *not* know."

"Morty wouldn't go away anywhere without telling *me*."

"Cecil isn't Morty."

"I should hope not. *My* husband wasn't in love with forty other women before bestowing his worn-out affections upon me."

"Neither was *my* husband."

"Oh—oh!" said Ruth, with the accent with which a vulgar person would have said, "Tell that to the marines."

"I presume forty women may have been in love with him—but as a man can marry but one he was obliged to run away from them *with* that one." This was speaking to the point, and a sharp point it was for Ruth.

"*I* shouldn't object to run away if I could go on the Continent," said Ruth, "but even then one sometimes gets bored. At least I should judge so from a letter Cecil wrote me."

I turned my head and looked at her.

"You always think I am lying—but here is the letter." She took it from her pocket and flourished it before my eyes.

"Did you come over this morning to bring that letter?"

"You needn't look so fierce about it. He didn't know that I was married when he wrote it." And Ruth looked caressingly at the letter, and heaved a little bit of a sigh.

"Oh! that is an old affair!" said I. "It is only lately that Cecil and I have learned to care for each other. I think he married me to get rid of you."

Ruth bit her lip.

"I am so glad that you have learned to care for him, for I began to be afraid that you were losing your heart to Morty."

"So I am. I am so glad that I find it easy to love *one* cousin."

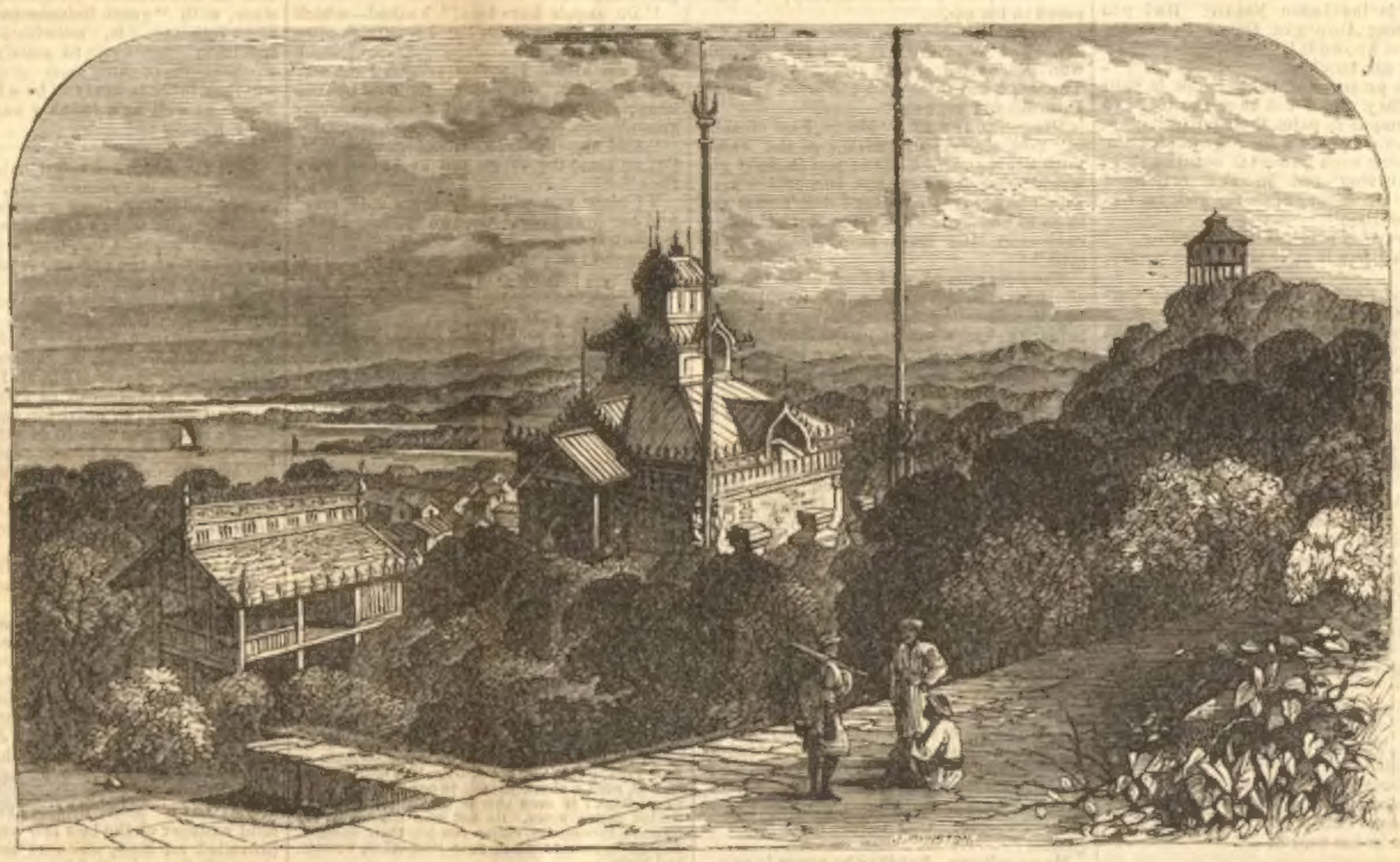
Here Aunt Julia came along, and the conversation became general.

* * * * * * * *

Three days have passed, and no letter from Cecil! 'Even Aunt Julia begins to get a little nervous. I am wretched. I walk in the grounds a good deal. I haven't vim enough for pony-driving—and they say that my ponies are getting riotous. I have offered the use of them to Ruth. Ruth always forgets what it is for her interest to forget, so she ignores the recollection of my little rudeness, and graciously accepts.—Morty hasn't been here in all these three days. Perhaps it is because Cecil is gone.

* * * * *

It is five days to-day—almost a week! Aunt Julia says I am getting thin, and that I must keep up my good looks for *him*. Perhaps I was mistaken, and he doesn't care for them. If she could see me crying after I am gone to bed she wouldn't wonder that I am hollow-cheeked, and that there are dark circles around my eyes. And I am so nervous, I, who used to be so strong and well.



BURMAH: A TEMPLE AND A ZIYAT.

The established religion of the empire of Burmah in Asia is Buddhism. The engraving shows, in the centre, a thien, or sacred temple, in which images of the deities worshipped are kept. The smaller building is a zayat, or preaching-house. Such are used by the Burmese priests; and now, by the European missionaries.

I wont walk near the Dark Pool any more for fear I should be tempted to throw myself in.

* * * * *

A whole week, and not a word! If I could only *hear of* him, even if he shouldn't *write!* Has he deserted me? I deserved it, for I was no good wife to him. How I must have tried him, and how patient he was!

I thought I would sing a little this evening to keep myself in practice. (I hadn't touched the piano before since he went away,) and the first song I put my hand upon was—Kathleen Mavourneen's reply. I began—"Come back to my heart, love, for I am in sorrow," and then I broke down. I cried with all my might, for I felt broken-hearted at first, then a kind of madness seized me, and I tore all my hair down with a scream, and, rending it, rushed out of doors. The moon was up, and by its light I could see and avoid the tangled knots of shrubbery, and the trunks of the trees in which I might have entangled myself, or against which I might have dashed myself in my blind fury. I did not seem to know where I was going, and yet I felt that I should find myself at the Dark Pool, whither my footsteps seemed *willed* to turn. I reached it. How the cold waves glittered under the moonlight! A slight wind stirred them, and they spread themselves into graceful ripples like moving, beckoning arms, longing to take some fevered heart to their cool embrace. I dashed through the intervening shrubbery, and when I found myself upon the brink, uttered an exulting cry, and spread my arms to those other writhing, beckoning arms.

All at once, as if from the very water itself, rose a slight figure, with a pallid face, and large, wild eyes—and opposed me with outstretched arms. The moon shone full upon its face. It was Rupert!

"Take me, take—me—with—you—Rupert!" I said—and then a great calm came upon me, and I drifted away—was it on the Pool, or on a great, still ocean, whose billows moved without motion, and rolled without a sound?

At last a great sigh, and I was in this troublous world again. I opened my eyes—the moon shone into them. I did not know where I was, but I felt a heart beating under my cheek and arms enfolding me, and I said in a rapture—"Cecil!"

A dark-bearded face bent above my own. "You are not Cecil! Who are you? Where am I?" and I tried to push the strange figure from me.

"I am Morty, Cousin Eleanor. I heard a scream, and I found you here insensible."

"Where were you?" I said. I was fully recovered now, but felt very weak, and trembled as I tried to stand upright.

"I was passing the Pool on my way to you with a message from Ruth," said Morty, who now stood by me supporting me, as I vainly tried to stand without wavering in a very vine-like manner.

"I'm afraid I shall have to play the ivy to your oak," I said, laughing and shivering. "I feel as if I had lost all my bones."

"Poor child!" said Morty, "lean on me, so—that's a dear! Now, can you walk any better?"

"A great deal better. I hope I haven't disturbed the house—that's all. Oh! Morty, how fortunate that you came along as you did!"

"You frightened me some. You see my head was full *of your ghost stories.*"

"But I saw Rupert again. He came up out of the water and waved me back. Had it not been for him I should—"

"Eleanor!" In a shocked severe tone.

"I don't know *what* I was going to do. I was mad."

"You must have been. How horrible! What could have tempted you?"

"Do you know Cecil is gone?—and I don't know where? I have never heard from him. I was feeling unhappy. I sat down to the piano to sing, and then I began to cry, and then—I went mad."

"Poor child! Poor Eleanor! But I am so glad—"

"Glad!"

("Don't fly into a fury. You are not strong enough.) Glad that you love your husband sufficiently to be made unhappy by his absence."

"I love him—oh! I never thought I *could* love any one so. I think I have loved him all the time, but I didn't know it until—until Ruth made me jealous."

"Ruth did *one* good thing?"

"Yes. I will forgive her every thing now, if Cecil will only come back."

"Have you never heard from him since he left you?"

"Not one word—and—he did seem to be fond of me before he went away."

"How could he help it? Here is Aunt Julia! How alarmed she looks!"

Aunt Julia came down the walk, preceded by a footman, carrying a lantern. "Oh! you naughty girl! And you have only been to see Ruth?"

"I'll tell you all about it, auntie," said Morty, "only let me get her into the house."

Having deposited me upon a lounge and made me swallow a glass of wine, Morty told Aunt Julia in a few words where and how he had found me, and begged her to keep a watch upon the motions of such an "erratically-disposed individual," or "what will Cecil do when he comes home and finds she isn't here?" With these parting words, and a nod and kind smile for me, he ran off.

I had expected that when he was gone Aunt Julia would fly at me with a torrent of exclamations, terminating in a good scolding. But instead of that she hovered around me like a dove, and cooed all manner of tender epithets as she arranged the pillows under my head, warmed my cold hands between her own, and bound up my damp and streaming hair. She kept looking at me so oddly, too, with such a mixture of pity and —admiration; and yet I must have been a forlorn-looking object, all dishevelled as I was, with pale cheeks and colorless lips. She put me to bed with her own hands, as if I had been a baby, tucked me in and brought me a soothing beverage, which I was made to drink, although it was altogether too hot, too sweet, and too strong. Then, long after I supposed she had gone to bed, she stole into my chamber, candle in hand, and when I opened my eyes, she was standing by the bedside, looking down upon me with the same expression of mingled pity and admiration. She did not speak, and while I was wondering what it could mean, I fell asleep.

* * * * *

When I came down to breakfast this morning very late—for Aunt Julia had given orders that I should not be disturbed—I found a doctor awaiting me. I had never had a doctor before in all my life, and I have a perfect horror of them, but I went through the formula of having my tongue looked at, my pulse felt, etc., like a lamb. When he asked me if I hadn't this and that symptom—if I didn't feel so and so? I made him a courtesy, and informed him that I had never felt better in all my life.

"Then you have not now, nor have had lately, any of these symptoms?"

"Not a symptom," I answered, very improperly, I fear, for the little doctor looked as if he thought me impertinent, and turning to Aunt Julia, said—"If nothing ails her ladyship, of course all these draughts and powders are superfluous."

Aunt Julia went up to him, said a few words in a low voice, and pressed something into his hand. The small physician seemed mollified, and took his leave graciously.

"Have you been telling the doctor that I am insane, Aunt Julia?" I said, severely.

"My dear child!" said she, opening her eyes very wide, and at the same time turning very red.

"Then all these powders and vials are designed 'to minister to a mind diseased?' Since they are not, I may as well tell you that I *have* all these symptoms."

"All those the doctor enumerated?"

"Yes, but I wasn't going to tell *him* so. Where is the prescription? On this bit of paper, is it not?"

Aunt Julia sat down, folded her hands upon her knees and stared at me, and I gathered up all the powder papers and showered them over her head as I danced around her.

"*Why* wouldn't you tell the doctor?"

"Because he was so inquisitive."

"But, my love, a physician must *ask* to *know*."

"I don't see the necessity." Then the door opened, and Morty came in.

"Such a glorious morning! And you are looking a thousand times better, Eleanor. What a color! I should like to transfer it to canvas."

"Why don't you paint my picture, Morty?" I said, running up to him. "It would make me so vain!"

"May I, indeed? I have been so wishing that I might do it."

"Of course you may. Send right off for your palette and pencils. Oh! the days won't seem so wearily long now!"

"But you will have to come to my house."

"Can't you transform one of our thousand-and-one rooms into a studio?"

"The room at the end of the gallery would be the very place," said Aunt Julia. "Come, Morty, and let me show it to you."

When they came back the matter was settled. Morty was to begin my portrait such a day, and is to come this very evening to arrange my costume.

I am to be painted as a sea-nymph—something like Sabrina.

——"sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisting *sprays* of *coral*, knitting
The loose train of *my* amber dropping hair."

Lilies are only appropriate for some "goddess of the silver lake." But *coral* for a *sea*-nymph. Morty says—"You might represent the nymph of the *Pool*.

"'By the rushy, fringed bank,
Where grow the willow, and the osier dank.'"

But I shudder.

XXXVI.

GHOST NUMBER TWO.

Morty has begun my picture. At present it is very chaotic. I ask him which are the waves, and which is I. We had a good deal of fun over the skeleton in chalk; and while he was gone for some of his materials, I added a few surreptitious touches. How they puzzled him, thinking he himself had introduced them into the design. Aunt Julia says she is so glad to see me so merry—but the merriment is on the surface; I am something else, when I am alone.

* * * * *

To-day I felt so nervous that I began to laugh and cry all at once; and Morty was so frightened, that he had to send for Aunt Julia. How he reproached himself for having let me *sit* so long!

"When I am painting, I forget everything but Art," he said, "and don't recollect that Nature isn't always still Nature. Suppose you let me take you to drive?"

This proposition pleased me, and we went. I insisted upon driving through Dicoon Wood.

"It will be damp and gloomy in there," said Morty.

"I don't care. I like the odor of the decaying leaves."

We turned down its dark, spicy-smelling avenue. As we drove along, I leaned from the carriage and looked on either side.

"What are you looking for, you queer child?" asked Morty.

"I am looking for Rupert. You needn't laugh!"

"I am not laughing Eleanor; but it will not be in our time, that the sea, or the Dark Pool, even, will give up their dead."

A squirrel scampered across the road, and into one of the many footpaths which intersect the wood. I called Morty's attention to the little creature. He leaned forward, and as he looked, uttered something between a shout and a groan.

"What is it?" I asked, in alarm.

"There! there! Do you see that?"

I leaned forward, and followed the motion of his hand. I saw nothing.

"What was it?"

"It is gone, now. I was laughing at you a while since, but just now I thought I saw the face of—of an old school fellow—who is—dead."

"Morty, please don't get frightened, or I shall be frightened, too. See how I am trembling."

"My dear, I am not frightened. It was—it must have been a hallucination."

"*Rupert* wasn't a hallucination. Nothing shall persuade me of that."

"I shall say nothing more about that, after what I thought I saw."

"Mercy! what solemn faces!" said Aunt Julia, when we reached home. "I am glad I have had some strong coffee prepared for you. You look as if you had been burying your last friend."

"We have been ghost-seeing," said Morty.

"Oh! I hope not!" said Aunt Julia, growing quite pale. "I don't want this foolish child to get any more ridiculous ideas into her head."

"*That* foolish child only tried to see a ghost—but *this* foolish child thought he really *did* see one."

"*You?* Oh! Morty!"

"You are disappointed in me, are you not?"

"*I* don't believe in ghosts; but some people do very strongly resemble others. Whom did you think you saw?"

"An old school-fellow. I may as well tell you; it was—Ferd Frothingham."

"*Ferd!* Are you all going crazy?"

"I sincerely hope not. I suppose it was a hallucination—or I saw some one who strongly resembles him."

"I shall expect you to see Sister Eleanor, next. Look at that child's pale cheeks—and don't talk about any spirits but a little good brandy, which I shall give her this very minute."

(*Dialogue, interpolated by the Editor.*)

"Mr. Mordark!"

"Madam!"

"Where are you going this morning?"

"To Thornhaugh."

"Is it to Thornhaugh you have been at just about this time, these four or five mornings?"

"It is."

"May I ask what is the attraction?"

"Her ladyship. I am painting her portrait."

"And you have never told *me*?"

"Did I tell you that I was painting that 'Alpine-Sunrise,' or the 'Moonlight in India?'"

"That is inanimate Nature. Had you been painting *Aurora* or *Diana*, I probably should have known it."

"May I ask how?"

"By the presence of those ladies in your studio. They would not have you to go to Mount Olympus to paint their portraits."

"But who wouldn't have gone, for the sake of seeing such immortal beauties?"

"And driving out in the rosy-lined chariot, or silver-car, when the goddess was weary of sitting."

"You are very poetical, this morning."

"I think there is more truth than poetry, in this."

"Yes, for I *did* drive out with Lady Carrick yesterday morning."

"So I heard; and I want you to drive me out *this* morning."

"With pleasure; after the sitting."

"I mean *now*."

"I must keep my engagement, first."

"I think your first duty is to your wife."

"If this were not a case of humanity. The poor thing is fretting for her husband; and I am painting this picture to amuse her."

"*I* need amusement also. *I* am fretting for *my* husband; who neglects me, to devote himself to other women."

"You are unjust, Ruth. This is a matter of business. I am painting this picture for Aunt Julia—who is to pay me liberally; and you know if we do, or do not need the money."

"Does she pay you for driving out with her, also?"

"Ruth, you forget to whom you are speaking."

"*Do* I? To a—"

Dead silence!

"Oh! Morty, forgive me!"

She approached him, her supple figure swaying toward his breast. Terror and entreaty were in her aspect.

"*No.*"

She was on her knees—so very beautiful, so very repentant!

"See, I am kneeling to you, Morty! I never did this before."

"Not to Cecil? I thought you had."

Then he went out, and closed the door behind him.

She was on her feet in an instant. She ran to the window, and saw him pass quickly down the walk. Then she sat down, and folding her hands across her breast, as if to compose herself—meditated a resolve.

(*Lady Carrick's Diary.*)

Morty was very grave, this morning, almost sad, it seemed to me; but after awhile he rallied his spirits, and made himself very agreeable.

"Aunt Julia says that Bromer has never been right, since that fright she had; and that now she is in a very strange state indeed. She has times of being very stupid, and goes around as if in a dream. When she comes out of this, she seems to be laboring under strong excitement, and talks in a very wild and disconnected manner, constantly recurring to the Past, and fancying herself surrounded by persons who have been dead for years."

"She is breaking up," said Morty, when I had told him these things. "Well, people can't live forever, can they, Eleanor?" And then he hung his head, and looked as if sentence of death had been passed on him.

"Does it make you gloomy to think of death?" I asked.

"I wish that I was an old man. It makes me gloomy to think how many years I may yet have to live."

"And I—oh! I am glad that I am young and strong. I don't wish to die."

"They say that the longer one lives, the longer one wishes to live. That for the young, death has no terrors. It has none for me—the good friend who stops us on that road that may lead to some dreadful precipice perhaps—loosens our burdens and bids us rest."

"I wonder if Bromer will die?"

"I should like to see her. It seems to me as if her case was serious—and might result in settled insanity."

"I would like to see her, also; but Aunt Julia won't allow it, because she thinks me too nervous."

"I don't believe in giving up to one's nerves. If we go out this way, she won't see us."

"Why you know all about the house!"

"I have been here with Ruth repeatedly. She and I helped Aunt Julia arrange the house for your reception. Here is the long, slim corridor, in which we met Mrs. Bromer; and Ruth told her who was coming, and under what title. I don't think she liked you, Eleanor, by the way she looked when she heard the news."

"No; she had always hoped to see Ruth in that place."

I thought Morty winced. I went on to say—"If I had known what was coming, I don't know but I should have wished it. *Lady* before my name can by no means be a compensation for my position as a deserted wife."

"Oh! you are not that, Eleanor!"

"What else am I? Not that I love him the less. It is my own fault."

"Eleanor, you have grown womanly since you learned to love him."

"I know it, but it is too late. I had better have been womanly when he was here. I must have behaved like a great baby."

"When he comes back, Eleanor, the change will make you doubly dear. Do you hear some one speaking in there?"

Morty knocked at the door, and Annis's voice called out—"Who comes here—a grenadier? What do you want—a pot o' beer?"

Morty opened the door and went in. Mrs. Bromer was sitting by the window, sewing. She started when the door opened, and looked around. Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes of an awful brightness. Her hair, disordered and without a cap, curled around her face, and dropped its grizzled mass upon one shoulder. For the first time I saw the possibilities of former beauty in face and form. Strange to say, she had on a black velvet dress, very old-fashioned, with an open waist and short, puffed sleeves, and her arms were still white and must once have been round and firm.

She got up and courtesied almost gracefully. "Mr. Rupell!" she said. "And, as usual, madam has been crying! What is passed can't be helped, and I had the first right to you. Is it not enough for her that she has it now? You are looking at my work." (She was sewing breadths of muslin together.) "Our daughter is to be married, and it is fitting that Mr. Rupell's oldest daughter should have a fitting gown—*India* muslin. You bought it for me."

"Morty, she is insane already," I whispered in his ear.

She heard me. "No more mad than you are. But what are you here for? People who are buried should stay under ground. The wood was thick and the screws strong. How did you get out?"

I began to feel ill. "Morty, I am afraid."

"You always *were* afraid of the water, until I told you *that*. Then you thought you would wash it away, but you couldn't. I would have saved you, for I didn't wish you to go to him before me. Miss Ruth! Somebody send Miss Ruth here! She will be glad."

The door opened, and Ruth came in. We all three started. Annis, whose volubility had been quelled by her mother's superior loquacity, broke out into a confused babble. Ruth had now recovered her equanimity, and passing us, she went up to Mrs. Bromer. "Did you want me, Bromer?"

"*She is dead*," was the reply, in a tone of exultation.

"Why, the woman's mad!" said Ruth, growing pale, as she retreated from her.

"She seems to have method in her madness," said Morty. "Come, Eleanor," and offering me his arm, he led me from the room.

I felt very weak and tired, and lay down on the couch in the Blue Room. Morty administered a glass of wine, and then found a fan and fanned me assiduously. "You looked as if you were going to faint," he said.

"I *did* feel faint." And then we were both silent.

As we sat there, I momently expected Ruth to join us, but the time passed, it was our dinner hour, and I asked Morty to stay to dinner. He accepted—to my astonishment, I must confess, as he has always positively refused even to lunch with us before, because Madam Ruth does not like to eat alone forsooth. Can there have been a quarrel?

He wasn't gay—but then he never is gay—and he stayed and stayed, until it grew late in the evening. I was glad to have him stay. His quiet, gentle ways always soothe me, and I don't like to go to bed early now, for I cannot sleep, but Aunt Julia grew very fidgetty, and at last asked him if Ruth were gone to a ball, and he intended to sit up for her. This was more than a *hint*, and he smiled as he took his hat and bowed himself out at the door.

* * * * *

Oh! day to be marked with a white stone! I have heard of, though not from Cecil, Cassa was in here this morning. She has just returned from S——. She appeared the same, only a little more amiable, until Ruth was mentioned, when she flew out as of old.

"You never did like Ruth," I said.

"Never. She always tried to put me down."

I said nothing, but I could not help thinking that it was more Cassa's lack of shame than any effort of Ruth's that kept her down.

"It must be a great disappointment to Ruth that she is not Lady Carrick," she said.

"She seems very well satisfied, and who wouldn't, with Morty?" I said, warmly.

"You are quite enthusiastic."

"I love Morty dearly.

"I wonder how Lord Carrick would like to hear that. By-the-way, I saw him about two weeks since."

Saw him! I was dumb. What a tumult my heart was in! At last I managed to stammer out, "Was he in S——?"

"Yes. Didn't he write to you that he had seen me?"

"No. Did he say when he should come home?"

"Not to me. He was going down somewhere on the coast."

"Did he seem well?"

"Very well. Has he been ill?"

"Not that I know of. He never speaks much of himself, you know?"

"Doesn't he? I used to think him quite selfish."

"Did you? (How I wanted to slap her, then and there!) But he is older now. We are *all* older, for that matter."

"Yes," said Cassa, coloring and tossing her head.

Morty came when she had gone, but I thought him ill, he was so very, very pale, and proposed that he should not try to paint. He insisted that he was perfectly well, and seemed inclined to be angry with me for observing him so closely. His anger did not terrify me, however, and presently he remarked upon my excellent spirits. Then I told him that I had heard of Cecil.

"Poor little thing! it takes so little to make you happy, you always should be so," he said, looking at me kindly.

"Don't pity me, or I shall dissolve. Besides, I am guilty. It is only the innocent who should be happy."

"Don't you suppose, Eleanor, that sorrow removes the stain of guilt? It seems absurd to speak of your *guilt*, you little white dove! when the rest of us carry around such black hearts in our bosoms."

"Not *you*, Morty."

"I! I have my remorses. One can't have lived even twenty years in the world, without black Care perching on his shoulder; and when one has passed that period, he is likely to become a daily visitant."

"If Cecil would only come back, care would keep away from me. If he did come, he would perch between us, and then the load would be lighter."

Morty was about to speak, when I saw his usually soft eyes assume a hard, forbidding expression; and following the direction of their glance, I saw Ruth walking by the window—a scarlet shawl folded around her, and drawn over her head like a hood. She did not appear to have seen us, having her eyes bent on the ground. Her morning-dress huddled up in both hands, showed us her slippered feet, treading the cold, dank, leaf-strewn walk.

Morty half-started from his seat before the easel.

"Careless girl!" he said. "She will certainly take cold?"

"It looks very much as if she were *trying* to take cold."

"Would you object to reminding her that the ground is damp?"

I opened a pane in the window, and threw the words at her, "The ground is damp."

"I know it. I feel the cold creeping from my feet up to my heart—and I am glad."

"You are silly."

"I am trying to be like you, that I may be equally fascinating."

"A cold in the head doesn't make anyone very charming."

"Men are so peculiar. One cannot always see what *does* fascinate them."

"That is very true. Some of them admire Rubens's fat goddesses."

"And others, Fra Angelico's lean, tow-pated angels."

"Do angels have toes?" I asked—which was really very stupid, but I was beginning to lose my temper.

"I am afraid I am interrupting you and Mr. Mordark. Tell him to *freshen* the tints; a little *pine* is but a sombre evergreen."

"And the *willow*, a drooping vegetable. Put on some dry shoes, and avoid the Dark Pool."

"Unless you will walk there with me." And her eyes looked like two topazes as she turned them upon me.

I closed the pane.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN'Y 22, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $10.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

Mrs. A. A. C., of South Berlin, Massachusetts, writes to us as follows:—

"I received my premium (the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine) Friday morning. I am so highly pleased with it that I hardly know how to express my thanks to you. I never worked a machine before I got this one, but this is so simple and easy to learn, and, having the book to explain about it, so plain, that in about two hours after I got it I could sew with it quite nicely. Please accept my kindest thanks, not only for the machine, but for the promptness that you have shown in sending the books, papers, &c. I think I got my machine cheap. Putting all my time together that I spent in canvassing, it amounted to about a week. I would advise any one wishing to obtain a first class machine easy and cheap, to get up a club for your beautiful magazine and paper."

☞ Mr. R. D., in sending on a club of ten subscribers from Poplar Bluff, Arkansas, says:—

"I have been reading THE POST the past year, and think it cannot be beat for a family paper. The children are all anxious for the time to come for another paper."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND AMERICAN BUILDER'S JOURNAL. By SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect. The January issue of this Review contains a number of interesting engravings and articles. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE TRUE STORY OF MRS. SHAKSPEARE'S LIFE. This is a take-off of the Mrs. Stowe folly. It is well known that the domestic relations of Mr. and Mrs. Shakspeare were not of the happiest kind. Published by Loring, Boston.

FRENCH engineers have reported so favorably of the steam-cars which are now running in the streets of Paris, that leave has been granted to the company which owns the contrivance of plying it in two routes of several miles in length, and situated partly in some of the busiest parts of the city. The inventor of the car is a Scotchman named Thompson. The tires of its wheels are of India-rubber, and it has capacities of accommodating fifty passengers. It is, of course, more manageable than the ordinary horse-car, and is said to be no more dangerous to the public. It travels up and down rising ground without the slightest difficulty, and its rubber tires prevent it from jolting.

☞ The French Government has been petitioned by the wives of 100 convicts transported to Cayenne, to be allowed to join their husbands there. True woman's rights.

Bogus Periodicals.

A very ingenious New Year's swindle, and so common that the attention of the Post-Office Department has been drawn to it, is the sending through the mails to country postmasters and others, specimen copies of periodicals, with tempting offers of enormous commissions to solicitors of subscribers, and the most urgent requests to forward names and subscriptions at once, so as to begin with the year. These offers are so tempting, that thousands of subscribers are obtained and their money forwarded. Up to this point everything goes well. But at this point everything suddenly stops—except the proprietor of the magazine, who retires from business, and sets off upon his travels. A gentleman found in some offices, which he had unwittingly rented to one of these swindlers, scores of parcels of letters from every part of the country written in response to the circulars, and specifying the amounts of money inclosed. During the occupation of the rooms they were furnished in the most expensive and luxurious manner, so that if anybody in the rural districts was suspicious and wrote to some friend to investigate, everything should appear to be satisfactory. The Department will do what it can to baffle these swindling efforts. But the only safe way for country postmasters, and all who receive prospectuses of magazines, with "great inducements" to agents and solicitors, is, notwithstanding the specimen numbers, to satisfy themselves whether there are such magazines, and whether there is likely to be a February and March as well as a January number.—*Harper's Weekly.*

☞ To remove foreign substances from the eye, such as specks of dirt, eye-winkers, in fact anything, from a mote to a beam, you have only to lift the lid, and introduce a flaxseed beneath it. The seed will make the circuit of the eye and fetch out the offending substance.

☞ MISS NIGHTINGALE ON THE REFORMATORY SYSTEM.—Miss Nightingale points out, in a recently published paper, what she considers the errors of the reformatory system. "A forger, for instance," she says, "is sentenced to five years' penal servitude—that is, provision and lodging in prison. What has that to do with his crime? But if you sentence him to repay, say twice the amount he had stolen, his sustenance to be repaid meanwhile to the state out of his earnings, and let him go whenever he had done so, that would be something like a reformatory." A good idea this. Let thieves be made to work out their thefts, &c.

☞ Glycerine as an application to burns is recommended by J. Fuchs. Through the explosion of a spirit lamp the greater portion of his face had been covered with rather deep burns, which healed in a week by the immediate and oft-repeated application of glycerine, without producing blisters or festering, or leaving any scar.

☞ The Albany Evening Journal is of opinion that "this generation has been kept at the maximum rate of taxation long enough." True.

☞ LAND AND SEA.—The unusually mild weather of the last few weeks has only prevailed on land, while at sea boisterous storms have prolonged for two or three days the voyages of the Atlantic steamers on the western passages. The connection of a mild atmosphere on the western shores of the Atlantic with rough weather on the ocean has been observed so often that it is considered an established fact. It may be noticed that the winter has been unusually severe in the midland counties of England, where snow storms, commencing on Christmas Eve, have lasted several days, and have blocked up the roads.

☞ Two women in Trenton have been fined as "common scolds."

☞ Anthony Trollope has written novels to the value of $250,000.

☞ Said a distinguished physician of Paris, just before his death, "I believe that, during the twenty-six years that I have practiced my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been borne to the cemeteries a sacrifice to the absurd custom of naked arms." Dr. Warren, of Boston, once remarked: "Boston sacrifices five hundred babies every year by not clothing their arms." If New York physicians should give their testimony on this subject, what sorrowful accounts of the sacrifice of "innocents" would be unfolded! In such a climate as ours, the necessity of warm clothing for children need not be discussed with sensible, thoughtful mothers.

☞ The French are to have a new gold coin of twenty-five francs, equal to an English sovereign, and about a shilling less than an American half-eagle.

☞ Rome dares to laugh over a typographical error in a letter of the Cardinal Vicar, in which "immortal Rome" is made "immoral Rome."

☞ Mrs. Lincoln has removed from Frankford, and bought a small house in Zurich.

☞ The English have thirty steamers in the South American trade—the United States not one.

☞ It is not quite safe for gentlemen to give bouquets to ladies in these days; or, at least, they must be careful what flowers and leaves they select! A breach of promise case in Detroit turns upon the question, whether the defendant intended, by inclosing a leaf of rose geranium to the lady, to use the language of flowers, in which case the innocent leaf would have said, "Thou art my choice."

☞ STRENGTH OF SPIDER'S SILK.—It may surprise some of our readers to learn that while a bar of iron, one inch in diameter, will sustain twenty-eight tons, and a bar of steel of the same size will sustain fifty tons, a bar of spider's silk of the same dimensions will sustain seventy-four tons. This is based upon a calculation that a fibre of silk one four-thousandth of an inch in diameter will sustain fifty-four grains.

☞ A Swiss village will be a novelty in this vicinity. One of the Lorillards has, as we learn, planned a Swiss village at Fordham, three thousand building lots, suitable for erecting picturesque dwellings upon, having been marked out. The design is to have all the structures in the veritable Swiss style, and many of them will be built by Mr. Lorillard himself.

☞ DIDN'T SEE THE "MONEY" IN IT.—A California woman, having a very slight acquaintance with paper money, was shown a twenty-five cent note of our postal currency. She turned it over with keen curiosity. "It seems very strange to me that it should be money," she said. "It don't look like money." "What does it look like?" "Well," (hesitatingly, and with the utmost sincerity,) "it—looks—like—a label for an oyster can."

☞ General Robert E. Lee will attend Mr. Peabody's funeral in Massachusetts.

Parental Affection of the Whale.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

From what I am able to learn of the natural history of the whale, she brings forth her young seldom more than one at a time in the northern regions, after which, with the calf at her side, the mother seeks a more genial climate to bring it to maturity. They generally reach Bermuda about the middle of March, where they remain but a few weeks, after which they visit the West India Islands, then bear away to the southward, and go round Cape Horn, returning to the Polar Seas by the Aleutian Islands and Behring's Straits, which they reach in the following summer, when the young whale, having acquired size and strength in the southern latitudes, is enabled to contend with his enemies in the north; and here also the dam meets the male again. From my own experience, and the inquiries I have been enabled to make, I am tolerably certain that this is a correct statement of the migration of these animals, annually making the tour of the two great American continents, attended by their young.

The "maternal solicitude" of the whale makes her a dangerous adversary, and many serious accidents occur in the season of catching whales. On one occasion I had nearly paid with my life for the gratification of my curiosity. I went in a whale-boat rowed by colored men, natives of the islands, who were very daring and expert in this pursuit. We saw a whale, with her calf, playing around the coral rocks; the attention which the dam showed to its young, the care which she took to warn it of danger, was truly affecting. She led it away from the boats, swam round it, and sometimes she would embrace it with her fins, and roll over with it in the waves. We contrived to get the "vantage ground" by going to seaward of her, and by that means drove her into shoal water among the rocks. At last we came so near the young one, that the harpooner poised his weapon, knowing that the calf once struck, the mother was our own, for she would never desert it. Aware of the danger and impending fate of its inexperienced offspring, she swam rapidly round it, in decreasing circles, evincing the utmost uneasiness and anxiety; but its parental admonitions were unheeded, and it met its fate.

The boat approached the side of the younger fish, and the harpooner buried his tremendous weapon deep in the ribs. The moment it felt the wound, the poor animal darted from us, taking out a hundred fathom of line; but a young fish is soon conquered when once well struck; such was the case in this instance; it was no sooner checked with the line, than it turned on its back, and, displaying its white belly on the surface of the water, floated a lifeless corpse. The unhappy parent, with an instinct always more powerful than reason, never quitted the body.

We hauled in upon the line, and came close up to our quarry just as another boat had fixed a harpoon in the mother. The tail of the furious animal descended with irresistible force upon the very centre of our boat, cutting it in two, and killing two of the men; the survivors took to swimming for their lives in all directions. The whale went in pursuit of the third boat, but was checked by the line from the one that had struck her; she towed them at the rate of ten or eleven miles an hour; and had she had deep water, would have taken the boat down, or obliged them to cut away from her.

The two boats were so much employed that they could not come to our assistance for some time, and we were left to our own resources much longer than I thought agreeable. I was going to swim to the calf whale, but one of the men advised me not to do so, saying that the sharks would be as thick around it as the lawyers round Westminster Hall, and that I should certainly be snapped up, if I went near; for my comfort he added, "these devils seldom touch a man, if they can get anything else." This might be very true; but I must confess that I was very glad to see one of the boats come to our assistance, while the mother whale, encumbered by the heavy harpoon and line, and exhausted by the fountain of black blood which she threw up, drew near to her calf, and died by its side; evidently, in her last moments, more occupied with the preservation of her young than of herself.

As soon as she had turned on her back, I had reason to thank the "Mudian" for his good advice; there were at least thirty or forty sharks assembled round the carcasses; and as we towed them in, they followed. When we had grounded them in the shallow water close to the beach, the blubber was cut off; after which, the flesh was given to the black people, who assembled in crowds and cut off with their knives large portions of the meat. The sharks as liberally helped themselves with their teeth; but it was very remarkable, that though the black men often came between them and the whale, they never attacked a man. This was a singular scene; the blacks with their white eyes and teeth, hallooing, laughing, screaming, and mixing with numerous sharks—the most ferocious monsters of the deep—yet preserving a sort of truce during the presence of a third object.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."—This is William Howitt's recipe for having seventy-five Happy New Years. "For my part," says he, "seeing the victims of fast life falling around me, I have willingly abandoned the apparent advantages of such a life, and preferred less popularity, less gains, the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, the blessings of a quiet domestic life, and a more restricted but not less enjoyable circle of society. I am now approaching my seventy-fifth year. I cannot, indeed, say, vigorous as I am, that I have reached this age without the assistance of doctors; for I have had the constant attendance of those four famous ones—Temperance, Exercise, Good Air, and Good Hours!"

☞ They say in Washington that Mr. Spofford, the Congressional Librarian, makes nearly all the principal speeches in Congress.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher's salary has been raised to $20,000 a year by Plymouth church.

☞ In the House of Representatives, the Virginia bill was taken up, and after discussion Mr. Bingham's substitute was adopted—yeas 98, nays 95, and the bill as amended was passed by a vote of 142 to 49. It admits Virginia without imposing any further conditions.

☞ A society for the "prevention of tobacco spitting" in churches and assembly rooms is contemplated in New York. We hope they will add railroad cars.

Rambles in China.---A Fish Story.

BY "CARLETON."

I think of myself as sitting by some one of the thousands of pleasant firesides in the United States amid a group of boys and girls. We toast our toes, tell riddles and stories, and make the room ring with our laughter. As it is my turn to give a story, I shall tell you, my young friends, about what is going on right down beneath our feet in China. I was down there a few months ago. It is a country where old men as well as boys fly kites, walk on stilts, and amuse themselves by making enormous paper dragons, with bodies like snakes, fifty or one hundred feet long, and as large as a flour barrel, with huge claws and great mouths wide open, and goggle eyes flaming with fire. The lanterns that light the streets of the cities are as large, almost, as hogsheads. In that country there are several million people who live in boats, sleeping in drawers built into the sides of the boats. They hatch ducks and chickens in ovens, rear them in flocks—letting them into the water two or three times a day, just as you are let out of school at recess for a grand frolic. The master calls them back by a whistle, and gives the tardy ones a good drubbing for being behindhand. Possibly some of you could tell me a story about being late in from recess.

The Chinese are ahead of us in some things, especially in catching fish. Years ago, when I was younger than I am now, I loved dearly to go-a-fishing. There was nothing that so set me on tiptoe. I remember the first fish I ever caught, it was a hornpout, with a mouth split from ear to ear, only I could never find his ears; it was wide enough for him to swallow himself! He had long swellers, and was a tremendous fellow. My elder fish-pole bent almost double as he pulled and tugged at the line, but I got him into the boat at last. Didn't he bounce around? I have seen whales since, but he was bigger than a whale—at least so I thought then.

The fact is, he was a little fellow, and my father took the conceit out of me by saying, he wasn't worth dressing; but I carried him home, and had him go into the frying-pan, and there never was a sweeter morsel than he made. *I* caught him, and that was what made the breakfast one of the best ever cooked. What we accomplish ourselves is of more value to us than what others do for us.

The Chinese are very fond of fish, and hundreds of thousands of people fish for a living.

Let us in imagination think of ourselves as being in China, sailing up the great river Yang-tse, which, you will see by looking at your school atlas, is nearly as large as the Mississippi. It rises in Central Asia, and flows through the heart of the empire to the sea. You see a great many boats filled with men, women, and children. The boats are their homes. They live in them from childhood to old age—father, mother, grandparents, and children, with pigs, ducks, chickens, cats, and dogs.

Two boats sometimes move side by side, a few rods apart, with a long net or seine between them; after rowing a while, they come together, draw in the net, and take out the fish.

As you sail along the shores, you see a great many contrivances that look like well sweeps. A tall post is driven into the ground just in the edge of the water, and a long pole tilted upon it reaches twenty or thirty feet into the river. A net attached to the pole drops into the stream. The fisherman sits on the bank in a little hut not much larger than a dog's house, and every few minutes he pulls down his end of the pole, which, of course, raises the other and lifts the net from the water. If he catches three or four fish a day, he is content, for his wants are few, and it does not cost him much to live.

The Chinese catch a great many fish without hook, or line, or net. I don't believe that *you* can guess how they do it. Try now. . . . "*By driving the fish into a pen?*"

No. I have seen people do that—making a wicker-work fence of stakes and withes, and then splashing the water to frighten the fish; but the Chinese don't do it in that way. . . . "*By a pot?*"

No; you haven't hit it. I used to do that—making a dam across a brook in my father's meadow, and weaving a basket, or pot, as we called it, large at both ends, tapering like a tunnel in the middle, with a hole leading to a box, with sharp spikes pointing in one direction set around the hole. The suckers and trout could go in, but to get out was another matter. . . . "*By spearing them?*"

No; the Chinese do not have such glorious fun as I enjoyed in my boyhood, at night, with a pitch-knot torch flaming in a jack at the bow of a boat. How exciting to see a great pickerel with yellow sides lying motionless in the water! And then to let him have it right back of the gills and draw him in before he could tear himself away! Ah! that was fun.

As you cannot guess, I will tell you. The Chinese fish with *birds*. . . . "*With birds!*"

I thought that you would open your eyes wide. Yes, with birds about as large as geese. They have sharp bills, are brown in color, and are exceedingly nimble. They are tame sea ravens or cormorants. They live on fish, and have voracious appetites. They will eat their own weight in fish in a few hours. They seem to be always hungry. The more they have, the more they seem to want. Being always hungry, they are exceedingly active. They have sharp eyes, large wings, web feet, and swim very fast. They dive as quick as a flash.

Look at that one swimming in the stream—on the watch for fish. There he goes! In a twinkling he is out of sight. Here he comes with a fish in his mouth, which is struggling to get away, but the raven holds him fast and swims to his master's boat, where he is taken aboard. He cannot swallow the fish because his owner has slipped an iron ring upon the poor creature's throat. He lays the fish down and waits until the ring is taken off, and then he can only have a morsel of fish, just enough to sharpen the appetite, and make him wide awake for more. The owner strokes the bird's head, calls him a good fellow, and throws him into the water for another venture.

Down he goes again. A minute passes. Here he comes! but without a fish. He gets a whipping now. He can have no luncheon until he catches another.

If we go into a city or town anywhere in China, we shall see large fish markets, not little sheds with here and there a table with a few flounders, perch, catfish, pickerel, or trout upon it, and a tubful of eels, as in our own markets; but we shall see great tanks, filled with running water, with thousands of live, full-grown fish in them. They have been brought in from the breeding ponds in the country, where they were hatched and reared, fed and fattened until fit for the market. It cost but a trifle to rear them, and here they are, lusty fellows, weighing two, three, four, and five pounds. When the people come to market, they select such a fish as they want, the market man catches it in a hand-net, dresses it on the spot, and the customer carries it home for his dinner. "From the tank to the frying-pan," is the Chinese proverb about fish.

We may learn something from the Chinese in regard to fish culture. Nearly all the fish eaten in the United States are brought from the sea, or caught in the lakes and rivers. A few men have begun to raise fish for the market, and have found it very profitable. It is easy to do, and there are many boys who live on farms where ponds might be made, in which they could rear fish for the market, just as they now raise turkeys, chickens, ducks, geese, pigs, and sheep.

The market men would find it profitable to build tanks, supply them with water, and keep their fish alive until called for by their customers. In warm weather there would be no loss from stale, unsold fish—and then the fish would be a great deal better if cooked immediately after being taken from the tank.

I know that some of my young friends will say this is a "Fish Story." But it is true for all that, if you do not believe it, just go around to the other side of the world and see for yourselves.—*American Agriculturist.*

"Have Fervent Love Amongst Yourselves."

It is a great rule, with only some passionate emotional exceptions, that to be loved we must love. If the character of a household in which we live is anywise unlovely, the first and last rule is to lay the blame only on self. Then we take sure ground, the sole ground on which to act. There is no escape from, no qualification of, no exception to be admitted to this law. Let those you live with be most unreasonable, peevish, jealous, ill-humored, anything you please to call it which is provoking and disagreeable; if you want to bring love into that household do not ask for it, do not expect it, but show it.

This sounds hard, but it is inevitable, and we may as well accept it. There is nothing else to be done. Determine to be good-humored. Bear and forbear. Bite down the most reasonable and just protest. Swallow the most natural feeling of resentment, though it choke you. You may think I am advising an angelic impossibility. With men it is impossible, but not with God, for with God all things are possible. The thing has been done, and may be done again. At least, since the higher you aim the further you shoot, we must aim at nothing short of that which I have said. That aim will do wonders.

It may be replied, How can I love disagreeable people? It is hard to put up with them, impossible to like them. Well, put up with them as good-humoredly as you can; and there is no saying how good-humored a man may be till he tries. A man who tries is sure to meet with some success in this matter, and will find the next stage easier when he has taken the first step. Possibly, though we must not rest on this, his determined good-humor may thaw much virtue that was frozen up in them.

Then charity or love is like a lighted match among sticks. It not only burns in itself, but it ignites them. It is catching. A man might despair of making a pot boil with one match; but how if the other material around him catches fire? One member of a household, determined to bear and forbear, will go far to impregnate others and at last warm the most hopeless looking vessel of cold water. But do not let a man be disheartened. Do not let him think too much of what he wants to see done; but look at what he has to do: to show love, to force himself to show it, if you will, not with spasmodic and affected caresses, but quiet constant purpose; not flaring his new loving resolutions in the face of the ill-humored, but missing no chance to show unobtrusive kindness. And a chief faculty of this rule is that any one may begin to keep it at once.

It wants no machinery, no expensive tools, no heavy outlay, no special preparations. It wants no peculiar learning, no great faculty of conversation, no power of wit, no beauty of face or form, no money, no position, no office. It is within the reach of all, as God is within the reach of all.

☞ An Italian in his 110th year, being asked the secret of his living so long, replied:—

"When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain."

☞ A grindstone should not be exposed to the weather, as it not only injures the wood-work, but the sun's rays harden the stone so much as to render it useless in a very short time.

☞ Twenty years ago a Connecticut man left a watch with a jeweller, to be cleaned and repaired, saying that he would be in town in a day or two and call for it. Last week the man called in at the jeweller's and asked: "Do you remember my leaving a watch with you a number of years since to be cleaned?" "Yes," replied the jeweller, "and here it is."

☞ TRAVELLING IN THE EAST.—Mme. de Perrigny "had enough" of the East before she left Jerusalem; she would cry all day, and ask herself why she had come at all, declaring that everything she ate "tasted of rams and goats." Strange it is that the article for which a place is famous it ever exports; thus the essence of roses is one of the great articles of trade in a place where every objectionable smell offends the nose, and a *flacon* of the real perfume fetches ten francs.

☞ Buckwheat straw, used for bedding live stock of any kind, causes an eruption of the skin. It has been frequently noticed that hogs when feeding among buckwheat stubble are subject to an eruption of the skin of the neck and ears, owing to an acrid juice which exudes from the cuts of the stubbles.

☞ The relative levels of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, a question which has excited much controversy, is now finally determined. Throughout the canal a current sets toward the Mediterranean, varying from one and a half knots per hour, in the vicinity of Port Said, to three knots in the neighborhood of Suez, thus showing that the Red Sea has the highest elevation.

A PARAGRAPH, lately published, giving the ages of American poets, suggests a statement of their property, and how in each case it was acquired:—Bryant is reputed worth $500,000, made chiefly by journalism; Longfellow is estimated at $200,000, the gift of his father-in-law, Nathan Appleton, besides the very considerable profits of his poems; Holmes is rated at $100,000, hereditary property, increased by lecturing and literature; Whittier, who lives frugally, is worth $30,000, inherited and earned by his popular pen; Saxe is reputed worth $70,000, inherited and earned in law, lecturing, and literature; Lowell is said to be worth $30,000 or $40,000, hereditary and acquired in his chair as Professor in Harvard College; Boker is rich by inheritance, and worth probably $100,000; Bayard Taylor is a man of independent property—the profits of his literature, lecturing, and dividends from his Tribune stock. Verily, our American poets are a prosperous set of fellows!

GENIUS.—It is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best. No agonies nor heart-rendings will enable him to do any better. If he be a great man, they will be great things; but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right; always, if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow, and despicable.—*Ruskin.*

☞ The Germantown Telegraph says that the common blue pill of the apothecaries cures the chicken cholera in Pennsylvania. Give each chicken when seized with the disease a two-grain blue pill, and if not out of danger by the following morning, another—two pills almost universally effecting a cure!

To Owners of Horses.

Thousands of horses die yearly from colic. This need not be. *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment* will positively cure every case if given when first taken. The cost is only one dollar. Every owner of a horse should have a bottle in his stable, ready for use. It is warranted superior to anything else for the cure of cuts, wind galls, swellings, sore throat, sprains, bruises, old sores, &c. This Liniment is no new remedy. It has been used and approved of for 22 years by the first horsemen in the country. Given to an over-driven horse, it acts like magic. Orders are constantly received from the *racing stables of England* for it. The celebrated Hiram Woodruff, of trotting fame, used it for years. Col. Philo P. Bush, of the Jerome race course, has given a certificate which can be seen at the depot, stating that after years of trial, it is the best in the world. His address is Fordham, N. Y. No one once using it will ever be without it. It is put up in pint bottles. Sold by the druggists and saddlers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. jan1-5t

THAT man Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, has again been discovered in carrying out one of those nefarious plots which are making his name a household word throughout the country. This time he has had the cruelty to send off to Europe Mr. Richards Muckle, who for thirty-five years has been cashier of the Ledger establishment. Regardless of poor Muckle's feelings, he coolly said to him one day, "Here is an unlimited letter of credit from Drexel & Co.; use as much of it as you want, for all I ask of you is to make the six months you spend abroad as delightful as possible. Don't let want of money deter you from seeing anything, from refusing the best bottle of wine, or from denying yourself the rarest dish." What will this stony-hearted publisher do next?—*New York Paper.*

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson St. Office 34 Front Street, New York. oct2-6m

☞ Although the population of New Jersey is not over 1,000,000, she pays more income tax than any other state, excepting four.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with 10 cents postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct3-1y

☞ Geo. W. Crawford, of Scioto county, Ohio, fifteen years old, stands six feet one inch high, measures around the shoulders three feet eleven inches, forty-one inches around the chest, forty-two inches around the hips, weighs one hundred and eighty-eight pounds, and wears a No. 10 boot.

For an irritated throat, cough or cold, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy. They have been thoroughly tested, and maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired. *As there are imitations, be sure to obtain the genuine.*

☞ One of the most genial of American writers—Mr. Frederick S. Cozzens, of the "Sparrowgrass Papers"—died recently, of heart disease. Like Halleck and Sprague, he combined the plod of the man of business with the amenities of the man of letters.

Itch, Tetter, Blotches, all Eruptions.
"SWAYNE'S ALL-HEALING OINTMENT"

"Itch."	Cures Itch in 12 to 48 hours.	"Tetter."
"Itch."	SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.	"Tetter."
"Itch."	Cures Itching Piles.	"Tetter."
"Tetter."	The most obstinate	"Itch."
"Tetter."	cases of Tetter,	"Itch."
"Tetter."	Scald Head, Salt Rheum,	"Itch."
"Tetter."	All Skin Diseases.	"Itch."

Price 50 cents. Sent by mail for 60 cents. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 830 North 8th St., Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. jan15-3m

☞ It is currently reported that the Empress has returned form her Eastern tour dreadfully sunburnt, and that it will require an immense amount of cosmetics to restore her normal complexion. While she was absent, however, an agreeable surprise was prepared for her at the Tuileries. Her apartments were completely fitted up anew.

To Soldiers, Heirs and Others—For collection of Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize Money, and all other claims. Address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEDOUX & Co., sept-1y

His be the praise, who looking down in scorn
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart, and nobly dares
To be, not to be thought, an honest man.

Cowper's Publisher.

Johnson, the bookseller, made at least £10,000 by Cowper's poems. The circumstances show the hazard of bookselling speculations. Cowper's first volume of poems was published by Johnson, and fell dead from the press. Author and publisher were to incur equal loss. Cowper begged Johnson to forgive him his debt, and this was done. In return, Cowper sent Johnson his "Task," saying, "You behaved generously to me on a former occasion; if you think it safe to publish this new work, I make you a present of it." Johnson published it. It became popular. The former volume was then sold with it. When Cowper's friends proposed his translating "Homer," Johnson said, "I owe Cowper much for his last book, and will therefore assist in the publication of 'Homer' without any compensation. The work shall be published by subscription. I will take all the trouble and risk, and Cowper shall have all the profit." Johnson soon had occasion to inform the poet that a thousand pounds were at his disposal.—*Crabb Robinson's Diary.*

The Romance of Cure.

The many evidences of extraordinary cures, that are daily reported as effected through

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

Ready Relief and Perfect Purgative Pills in written testimonials from all parts of the world, surpass in wonder the most extravagant miracles of enchantment. Physicians and medical men in all countries pronounce these wonderful remedies a *mystery*, that neither their science of analysis or chemical skill can explain. True, these medicines effect the most marvellous cures, and restore the dying to life, and relieve the most wretched pain suffering victim of his tortures, in from *one to twenty* minutes, and although they know some of the ingredients of their composition, and Doctor Radway has published their formula (withholding only two newly discovered roots,) still both French, German, English and American chemists and pharmaceutists *utterly fail* with the same ingredients *as prepared by them.* The great success, which these wonderful remedies are constantly achieving, lies in the great secret of combining the ingredients together, after exercising due care in selecting the pure and genuine roots.

Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.

BEVERLY, Mass., July 18, 1869.

DR. RADWAY: I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried everything that was recommended, but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it, but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for *Twelve Years.* I took six bottles of the Resolvent, one box of Radway's Pills, and used two bottles of your *Ready Relief;* and there is not a sign of a tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel *better, smarter,* and happier than I have for 12 years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose. * * * * * * * *

HANNAH P. KNAPP.

Radway's Ready Relief in Two Minutes

gave ease and comfort *to a bed-ridden sufferer,* who for four weeks had been disabled, and for fourteen days under various physicians, receiving no benefit. Read the letter:

"CERTIFICATE!" "COPY!"

During four weeks I had been suffering most severely from most violent pains in the spine, loins, and head. During 14 days I had been utterly unable to attend to anything. After having had medical aid from various physicians, and applied remedies of every kind, without obtaining any relief, my attention happened to be called to *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.* I ordered immediately some to be fetched, and two minutes after rubbing myself with the same, the pains in the head disappeared, and after several frictions with the Relief, the pains in the spine and loins disappeared the next day, so that I was enabled to attend to my work on the same day.

The astonishing rapidity of the action of this glorious remedy compels me to give publicity to this fact in behalf of suffering humanity. I consider it my duty toward my fellow-men, in order that persons suffering in a similar manner may avail themselves of that admirable remedy.

Dortmund, in Westphalia, Prussia 14th Aug., 1869. (Signed.) HEINRICH LIENE of Germania, near Martin. Witness: Heiner Numberger, in Dortmund.

Drs. Radway & Co. have never claimed one hundredth part of the curative virtues for their remedies as is ascribed to them by the people who have used them; for fear is mind, only such diseases and complaints that Dr. Radway, after successful treatment with their remedies knew they would cure, were enumerated in their curative list, so that many of the extraordinary cases that have been reported awakened as much astonishment in the discovery of their remedial agents as in those who had been rescued from death, and made whole and sound.

At first many persons discredited their extraordinary power, from the fact of their disappointment in the use of other advertised remedies—and some believed it impossible for simple medicines made only from vegetable substances—roots, herbs, &c.—should possess such marvellous power. Yet they can readily comprehend that these simple grasses of the field, after undergoing the chemical process of distillation designed by nature in the cow, furnishes us with butter—certainly the most abundant fat, caloric or heat-making—bone, tissue, muscle, sinew and blood-making constituents for the human body.

But when those people who first doubt the efficacy of these remedies commence their use, they became their most earnest advocates.

Consumption, Scrofula, White Swelling, Tumors in the Womb, Stomach, Ovaries, Bowels, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys that have been pronounced incurable, Cancers, Ulcers, Swellings, Stone in the Bladder, Calculous Concretions, Ulcers and Sores of the Bones, Rickets so deeply seated that no other medicines have ever been known to reach, have been cured by the *SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,* aided by the *READY RELIEF* and *PILLS.*

OVARIAN TUMOR CURED.

Never has a medicine taken internally been known to have cured tumors either of the womb, uteri, ovaries, or bowels; the knife has been the sole reliance in the hands of experienced surgeons; but Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian settles this question. For it has cured over twenty persons of Ovarian Cysts and Tumors, as well as Tumors in the Bowels, Uterus, Womb, Liver, Dropsical Effusion, Ascites, and Calculus Concretions.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent is $1 per bottle, or $5 for half dozen; Ready Relief 50 cents; Pills 25 cents. Johnston, Holloway & Cowdon, 602 Arch St., Philadelphia. Dr. Radway & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York city. jan1-1t

☞ The vestments worn at Rome are described as beautiful beyond conception, and the ladies say the lace upon them surpasses anything in the world. So dazzling are the colors of the dresses that the Bishops are likened to a bed of tulips in appearance.

Napoleon as a Hater.

Napoleon hated much and bitterly. He hated Pichegrue, he hated Moreau, he hated Toussaint L'Ouverture—the poor, brave black man—he hated his brother Louis, he hated Madame de Stael, he hated Pitt, he hated the Queen of Prussia, he hated Sir George Cockburn, he hated Lord Bathhurst, he hated Sir Hudson Lowe—not a very loveable man under any circumstances, it may be admitted; but still it was a little too bad of Napoleon to loathe the unhappy Governor as he did as soon as he set eyes upon him, and after his first interview with him, to send away untasted a cup of coffee, declaring that the Governor's very looks had poisoned it. But I have no wish to re-open that old St. Helena sore. Let by-gones be by-gones.

The camp-bed at Longwood was not precisely a bed of roses; and at fifty-one, ruined, banished, in jail, separated from your wife and child, blistering on a rock, or shivering in a leaky bungalow, with your coat out at elbows, mutton at two-and-eleven pence a pound, and no salad oil obtainable—with the knowledge of having slaughtered a good many innocent men, and left many thousands of widows and orphans—with all this, and an ulcer eating away your stomach, it is rather hard not to be allowed to hate your neighbors with feverish fierceness.

But the earlier hatreds of Napoleon were far less excusable, and they were the worst of all hatreds—the little ones. He was pettily jealous of Moreau and Bernadotte. He was afraid of the shrewdness, and envious of the wit of Madame de Stael, and hated her accordingly. His dislike of the patriot of St. Domingo was as ludicrous as it was wicked, and, with infernal ingenuity, he caused the hot-blooded negro, accustomed to swelter in the tropical sun, to be cooped up in a cold, damp casement, there to have chills and rheumatism till he died. He hated his brother Louis pettily, miserably, because Louis was quiet, unambitious, and conscientious, and, caring nothing for his crown, was still determined to do his duty to his subjects after he had been thrust on the throne. He hated Sir Sidney Smith, too, with a mean, personal hatred, because he drove him from before St. Jean d' Acre. He hated Ducis because he would not pen fawning lines in his praise; and Admiral Bruyes—whom he would have struck with a horsewhip, at Boulogne, had not the Admiral laid his hand on his sword—because, Bruyes, as a sailor, knew his duty better than he.

Let Common Sense Decide.

What is the rational mode of procedure in cases of general debility and nervous prostration? Does not reason tell us that judicious stimulation is required? To resort to violent purgation in such a case is as absurd as it would be to bleed a starving man. Yet it is done every day. Yes, this stupid and unphilosophical practice is continued in the teeth of the *great fact* that physical weakness, with all the nervous disturbances that accompany it, is more certainly and rapidly relieved by HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS than by any other medicine at present known. It is true that general debility is often attended with torpidity and irregularity of the bowels, and that this symptom must not be overlooked. But while the discharge of the waste matter of the system is expedited or regulated, its *vigor must be recruited.* The Bitters do both. They combine aperient and anti-bilious properties, with extraordinary tonic power. Even while removing obstructions from the bowels, they tone and invigorate those organs. Through the stomach, upon which the great vegetable specific acts directly, it gives a healthy and permanent impetus to every enfeebled function. Digestion is facilitated, the faltering circulation regulated, the blood reinforced with a new accession of the alimentary principle, the nerves braced, and all the dormant powers of the system roused into healthy action; not spasmodically, as would be the case if a mere stimulant were administered, but for a continuance. It is in this way that such extraordinary changes are wrought in the condition of the feeble, emaciated and nervous invalids by the use of this wonderful corrective, alterative and tonic. Let common sense decide between such a preparation and a prostrating cathartic supplemented by a poisonous astringent like strychnine or quinia. jan1-6t

☞ When the Duke of Wellington was prime minister of England, some crafty individual attempted by sly and insinuating questions to get a certain state secret out of him. "Sir," said the Duke, "if I thought the hair of my head knew what was inside of it, I would have it shaved, and wear a wig." The gentleman bade him good-day.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are peculiarly adapted to this season of the year, when coughs and colds are so prevalent. The Ointment allays all inflammation and irritation, while the Pills cleanse and invigorate the blood.

☞ "Masther," said a little Irish rogue, one day to a gardener, "are not plants great sluggards?" "No, certainly not," replied the gardener. "Why, och, I thowt they were, as it's so rarely you sees 'em out of their beds."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Nov., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM H. SMITH to Miss CLARA SHIELD, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. M. H. Sixty, Mr. WILLIAM A. CALHOUN to Miss HESTER W. DERRICKSON, both of this city.

On the 23d of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM H. VINING to Miss CLARA S. CALDWELL, both of this city.

On the 6th of Sept., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM A. CLAY to Miss CLARA H. FRICK, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Parson, Mr. EDWARD POWNER to Miss LIZZIE M. SIMPSON, both of this city.

On the 20th of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. CHARLES M. HORNER to Miss ANN E. FOWLER, both of Manayunk.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, MARGARET FOSTER, in her 75th year.

On the 10th instant, Mr. THOMAS MANSFIELD, aged 67 years.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM HINLAN, in his 28th year.

On the 9th instant, WALTER HARRIS, in his 23d year.

On the 9th instant, JOHN A. ROBINSON, in his 46th year.

On the 8th instant, CHARLES HENDRICKS, aged 30 years.

On the 8th instant, RICHARD GRAHAM, in his 64th year.

On the 8th instant, Gen. BENEDICT F. FOUET, in his 80th year.

On the 7th instant, MARY L. EVELET, aged 32 years.

THE COMING YEAR.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for the present year:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, *paying in advance*, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

FALLING INTO VIRGINIA WATER.

"For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.—*Psalm* xci."

On a sunny evening in May, 1867, a small party were standing on the top of the waterfall looking down on Virginia Water. The footing of one of them suddenly gave way, and he fell head-foremost, turning over and over in his descent. It was Arthur W——. Whether in the confidence and carelessness of youth he had been guilty of want of caution, and slipped; or whether the unstable earth on the edge crumbled away and sent him down without fault of his own, remains a question yet. He went down; turning over, as it seemed, from ledge to ledge of rock, and shot into the water below.

Those, left on the brink, felt paralyzed. To give him help was impossible: and they believed that the fall—the striking of his head against the rocks—must have killed him. Or, at least, stunned him. There was a minute's dreadful pause. The towering trees reared their branches on either side; the nightingales were singing their evening song; the water went playing and dashing over the rocks, sending its sparkling spray around. But that one life in danger below—was it of this world yet, or the next?

A faint noise, as of swimming, ascended to their ears, and they saw Arthur W—— striking out, battling with the troubled water. He was alive still, then; and he could swim: both of which facts had been questions of suspense. Encumbered with his clothes, his hat on, still he swam, bearing away across the water. They held their breaths as they watched him. Was it a fictitious strength—this that was carrying him on; a strength that would fail ere the goal was reached? After that strange fall, the fear was only a reasonable one. No. He struck on bravely, never pausing or flagging, and landed safely on the other side of the water.

Taking off his hat—which, singular to say, had remained on his head—he waved it aloft to those watching him.

"I'm all right!"

All right! There was neither bone broken nor flesh bruised. There was not so much as a scratch.

He shook the water away from him, talking lightly, laughing gaily with those who, their fears subsided, now ran anxiously up, with their eager questions.

"But it is not possible that you have come out wholly scatheless! There must be some damage."

"I feel none."

"What an extraordinary thing! Such an escape was never heard of."

Getting some brandy and water, Arthur W—— walked away to where he was staying; an hour's walk. There he took off his wet things and got into bed between the blankets. They brought him something hot, and he dropped asleep, peacefully as though he had lain down in the ordinary course of events, after a busy day.

Later in the summer, I went to see the spot where Arthur W—— fell. There was scarcely any water left, and the rocks were bare. Friends with me, who are accustomed to the place, said they had never seen it so dry. The torrent rushing down in a general way, was changed into a murmuring ripple now; a trickling, gentle stream. But this dryness enabled us to see the rocks, over which he fell. They are in tiers, receding one above another; and, as we stood and gazed, the mental query arose to all—how was it *possible* for him to have escaped with life?

Standing at the foot and looking upwards; standing on the bright and looking downwards, the feeling of astonishment only increased. It was truly marvellous. The witnesses to his fall described it exactly as related above: he turned over and over, and they had thought that each time his head came in contact with those pitiless rocks, partially hidden then. Looking again now, it was beyond the power of man to conceive how his head had escaped them. But that the age of miracles is past, we should have said that one was wrought then. Any way, the preservation could only have come direct from God.

If the famous and remarkable dream of Dr. Doddridge had never before been brought home to my mind, it certainly was then, as we stood there: and with startling force. Those who may be familiar with it will forgive me if I here go over some few of its features, for the sake of such as are not. Surely, in the face of these unaccountable escapes, so far as human acting is concerned, the dream bears a strange significance.

The dream visited Dr. Doddridge after an evening spent with Dr. Samuel Clark. Their converse had turned on the question of the flight of the soul immediately after death: whether, or not, it arises at once to the presence of its Creator, and to the glorious things of Heaven—which eye here hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Dr. Doddridge dreampt that he was ill, and died. We are apt to associate death with everything that is sad and gloomy: in the dream it appeared to be the exact contrary. He seemed to have thrown off pain and care, all the ills of this mortal life, and to be soaring away on wings of joy ineffable, lightly floating in an atmosphere of brightness, his form changed to the seraphic beauty of an angel. In short, he had put on immortality. But, just as though he had been present still in the body, he was a witness to what was passing in the world below. He saw himself lying dead in his chamber, and his friends weeping around. Perhaps he longed to whisper to them of comfort—to tell them, that in place of that cast-off shell he had gained a glorious garment of renewed life. Ah, my friends! if such messages could but be brought from the emancipated soul when we are gathered weeping around our dead!

He rose onwards and upwards, illuminated by the shining flood of golden light. Not alone. With him, guiding and supporting him as he traversed those regions of illimitable space, was one of Heaven's messengers; an angel; whose aspect was full of mingled gravity and sweetness. Presently the outlines of a mansion appeared in view; a glittering golden palace of grand beauty; never during life could he have imagined such. Not Heaven, however, even this—as it seemed to him. And he thought that he questioned the guiding messenger: who intimated that it was to be his home for the present; his resting-place.

They entered into a vast room of the mansion, in the midst of which was laid out a table prepared for the Holy Sacrament; some grapes and a golden cup were on its fair white linen covering. The guide then left him. "Rest here," he said, "the lord of the mansion will come to you: meanwhile study the walls." And Dr. Doddridge was left alone.

He turned to the walls of the room. They were hung with a series of pictures; and he saw, to his unspeakable wonder, that his own past life and its events were represented there. From his earliest infancy to his recent death, the whole course and circumstances of his career, day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, were there depicted. Every event that had occurred to him he read on the walls. Some incidents he remembered perfectly; others, that had faded into oblivion with the effacing hand of time, were recalled to his memory with unerring fidelity by these vivid pictures. Things doubtful in life, which had but brought to him a sort of blind wonder of perplexity, were read legibly now. Above all, the dangers of his life were there, from which he had escaped unharmed, or but slightly hurt. Every peril he had surmounted and known of; many that he had not known at all, or but barely glanced at; all were traced there. On this canvas near to him, was one that had always remained on his memory as a great escape; a fall from his horse, and a wondrous rescue from imminent danger. And he saw now the source of the escapes—as the dream showed it to him.

Attendant upon every scene throughout his whole career, all the pictures on the walls being dotted with them, were angels. Shielding, loving, guiding angels: who had been in close companionship with him during life; never quitting him; watching over him and guarding him from harm by night and by day. In that well-remembered accident, the fall from his horse, he saw that an angel had stretched forth his hands to receive him, and so had broken the force of the fall. The more he gazed on those wonderful pictures of record, the greater grew his awe and reverence, his admiration for the unbounded loving-kindness of God. Every place that his eye turned upon was conspicuous for some special act of mercy shown to him—of which perhaps he had been utterly heedless.

As he thus gazed, the door was thrown open, and ONE entered. One of radiant mien, of all-perfect beauty; and Dr. Doddridge sank on the ground, overpowered by the awe of his majesty. It was the Lord of the Mansion; the Saviour, Christ; and that kind, ever-loving Saviour stooped and raised him, gently telling him not to fear, as he led him to the Communion-table. Pressing the juice of the grapes into the golden chalice, He drank Himself, and held it to him whom He had redeemed, speaking: "This is the new wine in my Father's kingdom."

Dr. Doddridge drank, and it seemed that with the act he assumed a seraphic nature. Perfect love had cast out fear: he rejoiced in his redemption; he conversed with his Redeemer as a dear friend. Then there fell on his ears these glad tidings: "Thy labors are over, thy work is approved, great and glorious is thy reward." After that, Heaven and its glories began to open to him; one glory after another bursting upon his entranced sight. It was too much. In spite of the dream, Dr. Doddridge had *not* yet put on immortality, and he awoke: awoke in tears of awe and rapture. Never, after that, did he ascribe these marvellous escapes from danger—that every day arise to astonish the world—to aught but God's invisible messengers of mercy.

Is it wrong to believe that the dream vouchsafed to this good man—who certainly strove to "walk with God"—was a type of reality, so far as regards these attendant angels? If wrong, it is very beautiful. Is it a mistake to suppose that these "ministering spirits" broke Arthur W——'s fall, and delivered him from danger? Looking at it in a material point of view, I see not how else his escape was to be accounted for. Were this intended for a theological paper, many passages from the Scriptures; the Psalms of David and others; might be quoted in support of the theory.

And, in the doubt, let us cherish it. Let us tell it to our children in their early years, and impress it upon them as one of the earnests of God's love. A crowd of angels, tender messengers from the Most High, about their path continually, never absent by night or by day, guiding, blessing, shielding them on their pilgrimage to that later life, where they will put on immortality.

THE BATTLE OF LYONNESSE.

FROM TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.

[In the "Passing of Arthur," the last of the four new idyls of Tennyson, the following fine passage almost immediately precedes the introduction of the *Morte d'Arthur*, which is given exactly as it is familiar to us in his miscellaneous poems. The reader will see that the new and the old verse are of the same golden warp and woof:]

Then rose the king and moved his hosts by night,
And ever push'd Sir Modred league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonnesse—
A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again;
Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt,
And the long mountain ended in a coast
Of ever shifting sand, and far away
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
There the pursuer could pursue no more,
And he that fled no further fly the king;
And there, that day when the great light of Heaven
Burn'd at its lowest in the rolling year,
On the waste sand by the waste sea they clos'ed.
Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last dim weird battle of the West
A death white mist slept over sand and sea;
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear, and even on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought,
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,
Shield breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battle-axes on shattered helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Looked up for Heaven, and only saw the mist;
And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying and voices of the dead.

Last as by some one death-bed, after wail
Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death
Or death-like swoon, thus over all that shore,
Save for some whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide
Rose, and the pale king glanced across the field
Of battle; but no man was moving there;
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
And shivered brands that once had fought with Rome,
And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,
And whiter than the mist that all day long
Had held the field of battle was the king;
"Hearest thou this great voice that shakes the world,
And wastes the narrow realm whereon we move,
And beats upon the faces of the dead,
My dead, as tho' they had not died for me?
O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fallen
Confusion, till I know not what I am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be king,
Behold, I seem but king among the dead."

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere: "My king,
King everywhere! and so the dead have kings,
There also will I worship thee as king.
Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live
Who love thee; but who hates thee, he that brought
The heathen back among us, yonder stands,
Modred, unharm'd, the traitor of thine house."

TOO TRUE.—Dr. Lyman Beecher once said:—"A great many professed Christians have no other idea of religion than that it is the means of getting to heaven when they die. As to doing anything for God while they live, it does not enter into their plans. I tell you, my brethren, I do not believe there is one in five hundred of such professors that will reach heaven; for there is a magnanimity in true religion that is above all such contemptible meanness."

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FEW WHISPERED WORDS.

On the pseudo-mosaic floor of a place of worship—that was neither Protestant church, nor Roman Catholic chapel, nor curiously decorated mediæval drawing-room, but partaking something of all three—knelt Keziah Dawkes. A hard, cold woman looked she, as she rose and sat down to listen to the sermon, with never a smile on the gray leaden face. The services did not seem to bring much cheer to her. When the short sermon of ten minutes was ranted through—and which Keziah and every other one of the scattered worshippers present might have been defied to make top or tail, or any sort of sense of—she quitted her seat and glided into the street; into the pleasanter light of a spring twilight evening. The place she had just quitted was almost dark at midday; else how would the lighted candles on the communion table have borne effect? For some time now, Keziah Dawkes had been a lonely, disappointed woman, finding her heart and her love thrown back upon her. She had never had but one outlet for it throughout her life—and that was her brother Barnaby. Worthless Barnaby! But it often happens that the more worthless a man is, the closer somebody or other clings to him. Barnaby Dawkes had done nearly as much as he could do to throw his sister's affection off; at least, so it seemed to her perhaps exacting heart. Wounded to the core, fit to die with disappointment and weariness, Keziah in sheer ennui took to attending one of the ultra-ritualistic daily services, that were springing up around her like mushrooms.

Time has gone on, reader. Nearly four years have elapsed since the marriage of Barnaby Dawkes with Mrs. Canterbury. They have latterly been staying almost entirely in London; more fashion goes on in Belgravia than at the Rock, and both Major Dawkes and his wife are devoted votaries of it. He is Major Dawkes now—having got up a step; and the world looks upon him as one of the most wealthy and flourishing officers in Her Majesty's service. A few people—money-lenders, lawyers, and the like—perchance could tell a different tale; that there existed not a more embarrassed man in secret than he.

Keziah suspected something of it; but not to its extent. When we love any one very deeply, we seem to see, as by intuition, any ill that may surround them. Keziah was very little with Major and Mrs. Dawkes; less even than she used to be, although their mansion was not far removed from her home. Sometimes she would not call upon them once in two months. She had paid them one visit at the Rock in the earlier days of their marriage, but the invitation had never been repeated.

That a man with Major Dawkes's propensity to spend—that any one living on the scale he did, flinging away hundreds, ay and thousands of pounds—should have gone on from three to four mortal years and not have burst up, might have been deemed one of the marvels pertaining to Major Dawkes. Mrs. Dawkes's was almost what might have been called a regal income, though in truth not so much as the world set it down at; but Barnaby had fingered it in a lavish style. If I had ten thousand a-year, and spent twenty thousand, it would not need a conjuror to foretell what must come of it. Keziah, sharp and calculating, knew pretty well what the state of affairs must be; and she was looking for the explosion of the bombshell. To her, it seemed almost like retribution; a judgment upon them for their neglect of her.

But in that well-appointed Belgravian mansion nothing was suspected of its master's embarrassment. He kept it to himself. He had no other resource in decency but to do so, since the troubles were wholly his own. For it was not the state and style in which they lived that could have hampered them, but Major Dawkes's private pursuits. Neither mistress nor servants knew aught of the matter: the latter were aware that some people, shabby men and others, intruded rather often on the Major, who avoided them when he could; and when he could not, held private colloquies with them in his study, and showed them out of doors himself. The household bills, too, were being pressed for.

Keziah Dawkes left the chapel—or what she might please to call it—behind her, and walked steadily on to her lodgings: the same lodgings where you once saw her, reader. She had lost them during that long absence, when she was down at Chilling, helping Barnaby to scheme for Mrs. Canterbury; but she had regained them again. The evening was chill; the clouds chased each other across the sky; the wind blew round the corners with a wintry sound. Passing a gay shop-window, its wares lighted up with the blazing gas, Keziah's eyes were caught by something, and she stopped to look in.

"It's a sweet bonnet," she exclaimed, after a long gaze; "and only ten-and-sixpence! I could not much more than make it for that myself; and somehow my home-made bonnets have always a dowdy look. It's not so much but I could afford it; and spring's getting on. Suppose I come by daylight and look at it? But then"—pausing—"there's Aunt Garston! I *don't* think she can last much longer; and it would be waste of money to buy it, if I had to go in mourning soon afterwards."

With a lingering look Keziah turned away, continued her course towards home, revolving the bonnet argument in her mind, for and against the purchase. The wind took her cloak, the chilly air seemed to penetrate her; but Keziah was used to wind and weather. Arrived at her door, she opened it, and went up-stairs; taking off her cloak on the landing, and shaking it. The tea-things were on the table, glowing pleasantly in the firelight; and some dark form, to which her eye was not accustomed, filled the easy-chair with its washed-out, thin chintz-cover.

"Barnaby! Is it you?"

"What an awfully long time you've been coming in!" was the Major's responsive greeting. "Thought you must have gone out to make a night of it."

"I have only been to evening prayers."

"Been to what?"

"The evening service at a new chapel. A place we have got opened here."

"It's not Sunday," said the Major, staring.

"I know that. What am I to do, alone here always? never a soul to speak to! The evening services break the monotony; it's an object to get out for; but I don't go every evening. I'd not have gone now had I thought you were coming."

She put her bonnet on the bed in the inner-room, came back, and began to make the tea. The shining copper kettle stood singing on the brass plate; a new loaf and some butter were on the table.

"You will take a cup of tea, Barnaby?"

"Not I. Washy-washy stuff!"

"Some bread-and-butter, then?"

"That's worse."

"Is there anything else that I can get you?"

"No; thanks. I'm going home to dinner."

Keziah took the candles from the mantelpiece, and lighted both in honor of her company; when alone, she generally contented herself with one. That Barnaby had come for some aid or other, she was sure of; but she did not see what he, the great man, could want from her now. The candles lighted up his face; the same handsome face, with the shining black eyes and hair as of yore, but somewhat of perplexity sat on his features. He was leaning forward towards the fire and pulling at his moustache moodily, as if in a brown study. Keziah poured out her tea, and sat sipping it.

"Do you think you could do anything for me with the old party?" he suddenly began.

"In what way?" coldly asked Keziah; knowing that the "old party" meant Mrs. Garston.

"I don't believe she'll last a month longer, Keziah."

"She will not last long, I am sure of that. When those vigorous old women begin to fail—as she is now failing—their time is drawing to a close."

There ensued a pause. Keziah, brimful of her wrongs and Barnaby's ingratitude, would not prompt him by so much as a word. She cut herself a piece of bread-and-butter.

"I want you to see her for me, Keziah."

"To see her for you!"

The chilling tone grated on the Major's ear. He turned his head.

"What's the matter with you, Keziah?"

"The matter with me?" repeated Keziah, as if bent on re-echoing his words. "Nothing more than usual."

"You have not been pleasant with me for some time, Keziah."

"What have you been with me?"

"I!"—the Major turned to the fire again in a frightful access of gloom—"I've not meant to be anything else. But—I am awfully worried, Keziah."

"You bring your worry on yourself, I expect."

He did not attempt to gainsay it; he had never been otherwise than tolerably candid with his sister.

"I am in a mess, Keziah. If I cannot get helped out of it, Heaven knows what the end will be."

"You have been in many a mess before."

"Never such as this. I want to talk it over with you; as I used to talk over the troubles of the old days, Kezzy."

"Yes! You come to me when you need anything—never else. Barnaby, I do not believe Heaven ever created your fellow for selfishness!"

"I am not selfish!" snapped the Major.

"Not selfish! Listen, Barnaby: I may be the better, perhaps, for letting loose a little of the grievances long burning within me. When we were brother and sister together, who helped you as I did—and loved you—and cherished you? Who stood between you and Aunt Garston, and told her lies without end to cover your faults, and divert her shrewd suspicions from you? Who parted with all available means, that you should be pulled out of ditches and straits? Who helped you to your rich wife, and shielded you in all ways when you wanted shielding? Answer me that."

"You did," avowed the Major, fancying an open policy might be the best in the awkward situation.

"Yes; I. You married your wife, and came into what would once have seemed to you incalculable wealth—what was so, in fact; and how did you recompense me? By throwing me over, as if I were some menial that you had no longer work for."

"Don't talk nonsense, Keziah!"

"*Is* it nonsense? You know better. It is true you repaid me the bare money I had advanced; but not a fraction over, for thanks or interest. Without the repayment I could not have lived, for it was my income that I forestalled and risked for you; had it not been my income—had it been saved money—I don't believe you would have ever troubled yourself to repay it at all. Since your marriage you have not treated me as a sister—I was nobody in your fresh ties."

"'Twas not that," burst forth the Major. "Ties! The ties have never been to me half what you were."

"It has been self with you always, Barnaby—self, self, self," she resumed, the hard tone subsiding into a plaintive one, for the avowal had somewhat appeased her. "It of course was nothing for your wife to neglect me—it was to be expected, perhaps; but I did not look for it from you; and the pain has been hard to bear."

"I don't see why I should not tell you the truth," he said, "though I've never told it before. The neglect has been Caroline's. She—she took a dislike to you, Keziah, goodness knows why; and I never have been able to prevail upon her to have you with us, except for that short visit when you came to the Rock. *My* will has been good to have you—to have you always; but she would not."

It was all very well to excuse himself in this way. He had been quite as willing to neglect her as his wife was. Keziah was coming round. The old love for him had but been smouldering; it would never leave her but with life.

"It may be as you say, Barnaby, but your wife is not you. *You* might have come to see me—you might have been generous to me; it was in your power to make my life bright, and you have not attempted to throw even a ray on it. A hundred times have I sat here, by my solitary fire, on a winter's evening, repeating over to myself that old song of Shakspeare's: 'Blow, blow, thou wintry wind; thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude.'"

Apparently the remembrance overcame her. Keziah Dawkes burst into tears, and put her handkerchief to her face. Barnaby could not remember ever to have seen her cry in all his life. A sudden impulse of affection—if such could exist in the man's nature—or of self-interest well acted, caused him to put out his hand, and clasp fondly the one lying unoccupied on her lap. Almost at once she dried the tears, as though ashamed to have given way to them.

"Let bygones be bygones, Keziah; there's

nobody in the world I care for half as much as I do for you; there's no one else I would tell my troubles to. Will you hear, and help me?"

"I am willing to hear you, Barnaby. But as to help, I should not think any of *that* lies in my power."

"Substantial help of course does not. You need not fear I wish to ask for the advance of your poor little income again. It would be of no use to me; but as a bucket of water to the flowing Thames. What I do want is, that you would see Mrs. Garston, and get her—get her to make her will in my favor. Not a stone must be left unturned, Keziah."

"You want it badly?"

Badly! Worse than Keziah, happily for her, had as yet any notion of. The Major drew a sketch of his embarrassments and difficulties; and Keziah grew a little frightened.

"Barnaby! How can you have been so mad?"

"Money melts," said the Major gloomily. "It is only when a man pulls himself up that he sees how much has gone."

"But how can you have got into this state!"

"The pigs know," he wrathfully answered; "*I* don't."

"I suppose—it is—the play," she said in a hesitating whisper. "Oh, Barnaby! and you so faithfully resolved to leave it off when you married Mrs. Canterbury!"

"A man could leave off many things, but for the cursed temptation that surrounds him on all sides in this miserable town. What's the good of his resolves then?"

"I suppose it has been going from bad to worse—bad to worse?"

"It is pretty bad now. I know that."

"What can be done?"

"I must have some money. If I don't get that—" here the Major stopped.

"Well?" said Keziah.

"I *must* get it; that's all," repeated he.

"I suppose it is a great deal that you want?"

"Tolerable."

"And have you any idea how it is to be had?"

"I've run it over in my mind; I have been doing nothing else for some time past; and I see only two ways possible. That Kage would advance me some of Tom Canterbury's hoards; or that old Mother Garston would put me down for a pot of money in her will."

"Is either likely?" asked Keziah, in a tone that said volumes.

"Deuced unlikely. I have tried Kage: went down to his chambers, and put the matter to him in as favorable a light as circumstances allowed. He did not entertain it; it would not have been him if he had, hang him! He stopped me off-hand, in his coldly civil manner, and as good as showed me the door."

Keziah shook her head.

"You would find it difficult, I am sure, to get anything of that kind out of Mr. Kage; he sticks up for principle. He would be afraid of not getting it paid back; and that either he must refund, or little Canterbury be a loser."

"He was afraid of something—and be shot to him! I hate the man. Any way, that outlet seems closed; and there's only Mrs. Garston to fall back upon."

Keziah, in her secret heart, knew there was no more chance of Barnaby's getting money from her, by will or otherwise (beyond what she might have already left him), than there was of his getting it from Mr. Kage. Less, in fact: of the two, she considered there would be more hope with the barrister.

"Barnaby, you may put aunt Garston out of the question, for she will never lend you any, or leave you much."

"You must try what you can do," said the Major irritably.

"She would not hear me. If I persisted in pressing the question, she would call her servants to show me out of the house. Since that—that unhappy affair, she has never once allowed me to mention your name."

Barnaby Dawkes lifted his eyes in surprise.

"What affair?"

"Of Belle Annesley."

A minute's silence. Keziah turned round, and drank what tea was left in her cup.

"Keziah," he said hoarsely, his black eyes taking quite a fierce gleam as he looked at her—a gleam born of trouble—"I tell you that I must have money, though I move heaven and earth to get it."

"My will is good to give it you, Barby," she answered, all the old affection coming back with a rush; "but when I know—I know—that the notion of getting it from Mrs. Garston is more visionary than that wind now sweeping past the window, it would be foolish of me to deceive you with hope. Could you not borrow money upon your income? Upon your wife's income, I mean."

"I have done a little in that way," acknowledged the Major. "Can't get another stiver on it from any money-lender breathing; have tried the greater portion of 'em. Don't you see? if she died to-morrow, it would not come to me, but to the boy; and they are cautious."

"I don't quite understand."

"Should Caroline die in the boy's lifetime, the income she enjoys lapses to him; should he die in hers, while he is a minor, his money lapses to her. When old Canterbury made his will, he seemed to forget that anybody existed in the world but those two."

"And should the boy die after he is of age, to whom does it lapse then?"

"To whomsoever he shall will it. It's an awful lot of money, his is; and Kage will take sharp care of the accumulations. By Jove! when I remember sometimes that that miserable little unit of six years old is keeping me out of wealth, I'm—I'm—savage."

"Don't, Barnaby."

"Don't what?"

"Talk in that way. You should keep such thoughts down," added Keziah sensibly. "The thing is so, and you cannot alter it. You ought to have begun at first to put by out of your wife's large income, and insured her life."

"How I hate Kage!" growled the Major. "Any other trustee would have accommodated me under the circumstances."

"I don't think there has ever been much love lost between you and him."

"Curse him! It is he who hopes to come in for that old creature's money. He has her ear always. I'd not bet a crown that it is not he who is keeping up the ball against me."

Keziah shook her head.

"Wrong, Barnaby. I do not fancy he will come in for her money; and, though he is no favorite of mine, I believe he is too honorable to touch the ball against you, let alone keep it up."

Major Dawkes rose.

"Will you see her to-morrow? Do as I bid you, Keziah: move heaven and earth to get her to remember me well. I'd say almost *forge* a will!" he added impulsively—though, it must be confessed, without any real meaning, "for money I must have."

"Don't be angry with me, Barnaby, if I suggest to you another course. I do so, only in the conviction that the two you mention are hopeless."

"Well?"

"Be a bankrupt at once."

Major Dawkes glared a little. *He* a bankrupt!

"You don't know what you say, Keziah."

"I see the social disadvantages just as well as you; but at least you would be clear. Of course I don't mean a regular bankruptcy as tradespeople have to go through—I mean privately; what they call whitewashed."

"I can't be."

"Can't be?"

"Will you help me, or won't you?" he repeated in desperation. "There's more necessity for help than you know yet."

"What necessity? Tell me all, Barnaby, if you have not told it. It may be better. Perhaps we are at cross-purposes."

It is possible that the Major thought it might be better. He hesitated for half a moment, looking at her up-turned face; then he whispered two or three words in her ear, and went out, whistling softly, leaving Keziah white as ashes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TORTURE OF THE RACK.

In the histories of the olden times—the "good old times," as they are often called—we come across frequent allusions to the torture of the rack. We give the above illustration to show what that infamous torture really was—a torture to which innocent and guilty were often alike subjected, in order to exact evidence that a witness was supposed to possess, or to force a confession of guilt from a supposed criminal. The rack was a large open frame of oak, raised three feet from the ground. The prisoner was laid under it, on his back, on the floor, his wrists and ankles were attached by cords to two rollers at the ends of the frames. These were moved by levers in opposite directions, till the body rose to a level with the frame. Questions were then put, and if the answers did not prove satisfactory, the sufferer was stretched more and more, till the bones started from their sockets. The Inquisition had a rack, which, in addition to the above, had an apparatus for torturing each toe. The suffering caused by this instrument was extreme, the prisoner after torture being often unable to stand up for several days; and it is said that in the case of Anne Ascue, the only woman known to have been racked in England, the punishment was so severe as almost to tear her body asunder.

THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We hear no more the clanging hoof,
And the stage-coach rattling by,
For the steam-king rules the travel world,
And the old pike's left to die.
The grave creeps o'er the flinty path,
And the stealthy daisies steal
Where once the stage-horse, day by day,
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads
The toil of the coming morn;
No more the bustling landlord runs
At the sound of the echoing horn;
For the dust lies still upon the road,
And the bright-eyed children play
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel
Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the cracking whip,
And the strong wheel's rumbling sound;
And ah! the water drives us on,
And an iron horse is found!
The coach stands rusting in the yard,
The horse has sought the plough;
We have spanned the world with an iron rail,
And the steam-king rules us now.

The old turnpike is a pike no more;
Wide open stands the gate;
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,
And we ride at a flying rate;
We have filled the valleys and levelled the hills,
And tunnelled the mountain side,
And round the rough crag's dizzy verge,
Fearlessly now we ride.

On—on—on—with a haughty front,
A puff, a shriek, and a bound;
While the tardy echoes wake too late
To echo back the sound;
And the old pike road is left alone,
And the stagers seek the plough;
We have circled the earth with an iron rail,
And the steam-king rules us now.

Discoveries of the Microscope.

Lewenhoeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a common grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a single scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself out like water through a sieve. The mites make five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like oxen on a meadow.

☞ Can people who indulge in smoking as well as drinking, be called Tobacchanalians?

The White Dog.

"Better, decidedly," said our doctor. "You'll be all right in a day or two."

"Thank goodness!" said I.

"I want a rubber of whist," said our doctor smiling, "so I shall put you to rights as soon as possible.—Down, Hector?—I say, Scribe," he continued, patting the head of his great dog, "I ought to apologize; and I would, if I had brought him up; but he slipped in unseen."

"By the way," said I, "how did you get that animal?"

"Patient of mine—dead-bed legacy—thereby hangs a tale.—But, my good sir, what are you scrabbling that note-book from under your pillow for?"

"To take notes, to be sure," I said: "tales are scarce in the market."

"Didn't I say that you were to stop all work for the present?" was the severe apostrophe.

I fell back with a groan.

"Stop a few days and I'll tell you all about it—that is, if you will condescend to get well first under my treatment."

"I'll do my best," I said; and I really did; so that, a week after, my friend the doctor was sitting with me, ready to relate the promised tale, while I was all attention.

"I had a patient down in Surrey some time since," he said, "with a complaint that regularly baffled me. He was a bailiff, or something of that sort, living entirely alone as to human society; but he had for companion that great white dog—now mine, you know. Well, I attended him for weeks; and then one day I said to him: 'Now, frankly, it's a regular robbery for me to keep on coming here when I can do you no good. The long and the short of it is, medicine won't touch you—your mind's diseased. You have something upon it. Now, what is it?'

"The poor fellow was silent for a few minutes, and then rising upon his elbow, his pale, drawn face all wild and scared of aspect, he caught me by the arm, whispering, 'How did you find it out?'

"'By your manner,' I replied; 'and, depend upon it, you would be all the better if you relieved your brain of the stress.'

"'Master,' he said, with a wild look, 'it's that dog;' and he pointed to the great animal.

"'That dog?'

"'Yes, and something else. He knows it all, and I'm afraid of him; but, before I go, I'll tell you all about it.'

"He seemed to be struggling for some moments with a great emotion, and then fixing his eyes on mine, he began, pointing as he spoke towards the dog:

"'I tried to kill him again and again, sir, but I couldn't, and I'm sorry now that I ever tried, for he was always a good and a faithful beast.—Come here, Hec.;' and the great dog came up to the bedside, and licked his master's thin white hand. 'I'd ask you to forgive me, Hec., old fellow, but you are only a dog, and would not understand me; but though I'm a man, and you're but a dumb beast, I'd be glad to change places with you this moment.—You know, sir, when my wife went away, and she was supposed to have gone to her father and mother?'

"I nodded.

"'Well, sir, it was not my poor wife, but her sister, who had been staying with us, whom I saw into the train that morning, at Hindley Station; and it was directly I reached home that a tiny spark, that had been pricking and tingling in my heart for months past, suddenly burst out into a fierce flame—so fierce that I could not quench it—and I did a deed that no one ever suspected. I need not go into all that now, but I had had little suspicions for long enough—suspicions that I know now to have been false; while, when I returned that day, I fancied something more, and angrily accused her. I don't even know now myself how it happened, more than that she retorted fiercely, and ran up-stairs, where I followed her; and then, more words passing, I struck her brutally with my fist—a cruel, cowardly blow—and with a loud cry, she pitched backwards from top to bottom of the stairs; and then, after the heavy dull crash with which she fell, all was quite silent, for I stood still listening, till old Hector there burst into a low, whimpering howl.

"'Then, all trembling, I went down slowly to find her lying in the little passage, quite motionless, with the dog licking her face; while, when I drove him away and spoke to her, she did not answer. Then I went down upon one knee to alter her position, for she was lying, stunned as I thought, with one arm bent under her, and her head turned in a strange, awkward way. I trembled violently, for though I thought her only stunned, with possibly an arm broken, all the time there was a dull, horrible, black dread coming up like a cloud to cover my soul, though as yet I could not understand what it meant.

"'I shuddered, though, as I moved her, for her head hung back horribly, while, when I fetched a chair-cushion to rest it upon, her neck seemed to give way too easily. But I saw the next moment that her arm was broken; and laying it in what I thought to be an easy position, I fetched water, and began to bathe her face and temples, stopping once to threaten the dog, who kept on howling in the kitchen.

"'Being a bailiff, ours is a lonely place, and there was no one near, or I should have called in help; for, as time passed on, and she did not revive, the strange black feeling seemed to grow thicker and more dense, though I would not give way to it as yet. I tried salts, brandy, burned feathers, chafing her cold hands, every remedy that I could think of, persevering for quite an hour; when all at once the black cloud seemed to cover me, and I jumped up, trembling worse than ever, for I knew that she was dead—that I had murdered her!

"'I've suffered since, sir, every torment and pang that can come from a man's conscience—such stings as I could hardly have thought a human being could bear, and not go mad; but they have all been as nothing, compared to the horrible feeling that came over me when I first knew the dreadful truth. First knew it! I had known it all along, from the moment after I struck the blow; but there was something within me that kept beating it off till now, when it came upon me like blasting lightning.

"'At first it was a frightful feeling of remorse and sorrow, and I would have given my own life to have brought her back, as I threw myself down by her side, calling her by name, begging her to forgive me, and kissing the face that was fast growing colder and colder. Then came a sense of fear, and I shrank back, scarcely daring to be near her, and glad at last to lay my handkerchief over her face; while that soon changed to a cowardly feeling of dread—not of her, nor even of future punishment for my unthought-of deed, but for the present, and the time when it would be found out.

"'For a few moments my head swam, and I nearly fell, while thoughts crowded into my head of the police, the handcuffs, the prison, the judge, and last of all, of the gallows. What could I do? How could I hide the deed? Could I not say that she had fallen from top to bottom of the stairs, and would not that have been sufficient? Quite, I thought; and putting on my hat, I was about to run off to the town for a doctor, when I recollected that it was more than two hours since she had fallen, and that she was growing cold; while as soon as the medical man began to question me, I knew that I should betray myself.

"'I dared not go; I dared not stir from the house; I dared not stay; and in my dread I got the dog close to me, and struck him when he looked in my face and howled. At least a dozen times I went and looked at the body lying there, so horribly still, but, in its very silence, speaking to me in a tongue, ignorant man that I was, that I could readily comprehend. But now a profound feeling of selfishness had taken possession of me, and I was pondering as to how I should conceal the deed. I had been a great reader, living so much in a quiet retired part, and I tried to recall whether I had ever read of any man being in a similar position to my own, fixing at last upon Eugene Aram.

"'Whenever the dread seemed greater than I could bear, I kept telling myself that I had never meant to do the deed; and having spirits in the house, I drank—drank deeply; but without producing the effect I wished.

"'Towards evening, first one and then another person came to the cottage, and as I heard their steps I trembled; for it seemed to me that some one was coming to ask me the question: Where is your wife? But no: I faced them one by one—the baker, the woman who brought us yeast and milk, and a hawking gipsy.

"'I saw you and your missus at the station this morning, sir,' said the woman who left the yeast. "Is she goin' to stay away long?"

"'Yes,' I said; "for some time;" and my heart gave a great leap, as these words suggested to me that other people might have made the same mistake, and it would be generally supposed that she had left home on a visit.

"'But about the body—what should I do with it? I tried to think what I should do; but now there came a fresh struggle—a new horror to contend with. Something was urging me; voices seemed whispering to me, guiding me to the place where I kept my guns, and then, trembling in every limb, I loaded one—two barrels, and sat down thinking for a while. It seemed the best thing I could do; but I rose to take one more look at her as she lay in the passage so cold and still. I laid down my gun, and crossed the room, but for a long time I could not remove my handkerchief from her face, while, when I did, it was but for a moment, and I dropped it again shuddering. Then I seemed to have heard voices outside, and I ran out, and looked up and down the lane, and round the house, but I was alone; and once more I entered, closed the door, and took up my gun.

"'But I dared not: I was a coward, and I feared to meet the future. I wanted to live on and repent; to try and make amends, if it were possible; and thus I waited hour after hour—hour after hour, always haunted by the dread of voices which seemed whispering round me. Twice I thought she called, and I started and answered trembling, going each time as far as the passage, to come back shaking like a leaf, after touching the hand, by this time cold as marble.

"'I had put the gun back in its corner, merely keeping the ramrod in my hand, with which from time to time I struck the dog, to keep him quiet, for the poor beast would go to the room door and howl dismally, till I forced him to lie at my feet; while now he seemed afraid of me, and I of him, for he kept looking in my face, and whining, and then looking towards the door; and had I not struck him, he would have kept by it, tearing to get it open.

"'The dim light of evening came at last, with the dread growing more and more upon me as the darkness increased. I dared not light a candle—I don't know why; but I felt a sort of fear that I should see more than was really in the house, and besides, I should have had to go in the dark along the little passage to the kitchen, though I tried to persuade myself that it was on account of the dog, and a dread that he should get out of the room.

"'And then came the night, windy and stormy, with the rain riding upon the gusts of wind, to be beaten against the window-panes. There was but little moon, and the clouds were heavy, and drove quickly along the sky; while now, in the intervals of the gusts of wind, it seemed to me more and more that there was a voice calling me, as if from a great distance off, so that the sound came faintly upon my ear. I listened again and again, opening the door, and standing bareheaded in the rain; but I could hear nothing.

"'Hours passed, and then I had made up my mind what to do. I locked the door of the room where I was sitting, went round to the back, so as not to pass through the passage, and locked the back door. Then going back to the front room, I found Hector whining, and tearing at the door to get to his mistress; and I called him away, but without effect; when, after a fierce battle, I dragged him out of the house to the shed, where I locked him in, after taking out a spade.

"'The dog began to howl as soon as I had closed the door; but I knew that there was no one to hear him; so I went back to the house, closed and locked the door, and carried the spade to a spot I had determined on; after which I again returned to the house, hesitating at the door, however, half afraid to enter. Hector was quiet now, only scratching restlessly at the door of the shed.

"'After waiting perhaps a quarter of an hour, passed in listening, I roused myself, and went in, drank furiously from the brandy I had in the closet; and then tearing open the inner door, I stooped, seized the body, which seemed like lead, and staggered with it out into the lane.

"'I can't tell now how I got along, with the long low howl of the dog ringing in my ears, as he heard my heavy staggering footsteps. I seemed, as I went on, to have the strength of ten men, and the fears of a hundred. The bramble tearing at my coat was some one staying me; the bole of a tree, some one watching over the hedge; every gust of wind bore cries of fancied pursuers; and, half-mad, I pressed on, reeling from side to side of the road, till I reached the gate which led to the path I had chosen; and after getting through, I was obliged to stay here and rest.

"'Rest! What a word! Rest!—that which I was never to know again. I dared not place my dreadful burden upon the ground, but stood leaning on the gate for a few minutes, before I turned and pressed on along the narrow grass-grown path for a few yards, striking then into the great fir-wood, where the path was slippery with the fallen needles, and save here and there, where there was a tuft of green moss, all bare. Trees everywhere—tall straight fir-trees, like the pillars of a great temple, and close together, so that I had to thread my way carefully as I slowly climbed the rising ground, the darkness being at times so intense that I had to hold one hand stretched out in front, to prevent striking against some trunk.

"'Up still, higher and higher, a long toilsome walk with so heavy a load, my feet slipping from under me as the ground sloped more—the pine-needles making the path at times seem like glass; while once I tripped over a pine-stump, and fell heavily. But I was now close to where I had laid my spade, for I knew the ground well; and leaving my burden where it had fallen, I hurried to the spot I had fixed upon—an open space where a few trees had been thinned out—and then, seizing my spade, I carefully scraped the needles into a heap, ready to spread over the ground again, and then began to dig.

"'At times there was such a lull of the storm, and all was so still, that the strokes of the spade echoed back to me, and then directly after I would stop, shivering, as the wind seemed to shout and wail among the tree-tops, roaring and hissing, and making branches creak and groan as they ground together. It was horrible; for the one word Murder, Murder! seemed to ring in my ears as though ten thousand voices shouted it; but I toiled on, digging furiously, throwing out spadeful after spadeful of earth, till I stood knee-deep in the black earth, making the heap at my side higher and higher.

"'How the wind thundered in those fir-tops, and what a strange, ghastly gloom there seemed around! Now it would grow pitchy black, and the rain would come hissing and pattering down; then there would be a pale light steal through the tall trunks of the trees, so that I could see for some little distance round. At one of these times I turned cold, the sweat stood in a chilly dew upon my forehead, my hair was wet, and I dropped

the spade, for there, in the strange gloom, was something white, staring horribly at me; and then I saw it apparently steal away, and melt into the darkness among the trees.

"'As soon as I could sufficiently recover myself, I seized the spade again, and dug on to deepen the rough hole I was making, when again my blood seemed to freeze as I saw the same white figure indistinctly in the dim distance, before I made out that it was Hector, seated now, as I could tell, where I had left the body, and howling most dismally.

"Relieved of my fears, I buried a piece of earth at the dog, when he disappeared once more; and after a few more strokes of the spade, while trying the blade too strongly against a pine-root, the handle snapped in two.

"'There was nothing else for it; so, tearing off, I ran back to fetch another, and found, as I expected, that the dog had broken the shed window, and leaped out; while upon once more reaching the pine wood, I stopped short, for there came a dreadful cry from its depths—a horrible, long-drawn, echoing cry, which was repeated twice before I knew it to be Hector, whom I found sitting by the body.

"'Could I have reached him, I should have killed him with the spade I carried; but my approach drove him away, for he knew me, and would not come near, though I tried hard to get him within reach, calling him again and again.

"'It all seems like a dream, a horrible nightmare, that night; the strange whisperings amongst the trees; the voices; the shouts, wails, shrieks, and cries; the rushing noises; the echoing sound of my spade; and the occasional lulls, when all was as still as death. But I deepened the hole, dragged in the body, covered it level with the surrounding soil, beat it down frantically, to hide my crime from the sight of men, and then laboriously scattered about the spare earth, before I again spread the pine-needles over the spot.

"'Day was faintly beginning to break before I had finished, for from time to time I had to leave my task to drive away the dog, who came first on one side, and then upon the other, to watch me, so that I felt afraid of him, lest he should betray me by coming back as soon as I was gone, and tearing up the earth until he had laid bare my dreadful secret.

"'And now that all was hidden from sight, I turned to go, when shivering with fear, I remembered that I had not got the broken spade-handle, and felt that it must be covered up in the grave, ready to tell its own tale of the murder, and who was buried there, for my name was branded on it in full. But, found or not, I could not—I dared not attempt to dig it out then; but calling to the restless, watching dog, I strode through the wood, and back to the shed, where I hung up the spade, and found, to my great relief, that the broken handle lay upon the floor, where I had cast it down with the blade.

"'Hector had not followed me, but I dared not go back, though there was not the slightest likelihood of my meeting any one; so, cleansing my hands, and changing my clothes, I threw myself dressed upon the bed, and tried to sleep.

"'Tried, but tried in vain, as I lay there listening to the glad song of the birds, and saw the bright sunshine reflected into my room, for the morning had broken as beautiful as the night had been rough. But sleep was not for me; and at last I sprang up, and unable to resist the inclination, walked into the fir-wood, when, upon nearing the spot, I turned cold once more with dread, on seeing Hector tearing away at the earth.

"'But he ran as I approached; and after carefully looking round, I once more levelled the ground, trampled it, and scraping up a capful of pine-needles, sprinkled them over the place.

"'Twice that day I returned to find my work to do over again; and the last time I brought my gun, and would have shot the dog, could I have got within reach; but as soon as I was in sight, he fled. This went on for weeks after; either Hector had scratched up the soil, or it had settled down a little, so that I was always in dread lest the spot should be discovered. More than once I determined to dig the body up, and bury it elsewhere, but I dared not; and besides, I felt sure that the dog would either be watching me, or else would scent out the fresh place. I tried again and again to shoot him, but he never let me get within range, and the poisoned fragments of meat I laid about for him were never touched. How he lived, I never know, but there he always was, wandering about the wood.

"'I gave out that my wife had gone to visit friends at a distance, and I contrived that a black-edged letter should be sent to me, and then I left the town for a few days, to come back in deep mourning; and people were satisfied with my lame tale—such few as knew me—for mine was a solitary life in a wild part among the Surrey hills, and heaths, and pine-woods.

"'That Hector seemed to lead a charmed life; and at last I came to the conclusion that his visits to the spot in the pine-wood were now paid only by night, for I seldom used to see him; and it seemed likely that getting to live after so wild a fashion, he followed the habits of his fellows, and slept the greater part of the day. But though I scarcely ever met with him, I constantly found proofs of his recent presence; and one night when I went purposely to try and see him, as soon as I reached the gate I could hear his doleful howls, and I knew that he must be seated upon the grave. The night was perfectly still, and every howl came echoing back from the sandstone cliff where the martins built; and as I looked through the long alleys where the moon was casting hundreds of shadows, there was something so solemn-looking in the scene, that I had not the courage to proceed.

"'I went on, though, at last with a strange trembling in every limb; but only to stop once more as a long echoing howl came ringing through the tall fir-trunks, when leaning my gun up against the one nearest to me, something seemed to draw me towards the old spot. But there was no fierce rage now against the dog, for a feeling of pity for him was making its way to my heart.

"'Could the dog have known that? Who can say. But as I crept slowly nearer and nearer, till I could see him, there was no movement; and at last I was close to him where he lay—his muzzle resting upon his paws, save at times when he lifted himself a little, and gave out one of those long, doleful howls—and the next minute sobbing like a weak child, I was down upon my knees watering that poor unsanctified, but solemn grave with my tears.

"'Repentance? If at that moment I could have changed places with the dead, I would have done it gladly; and then it was that, for the first time, something like prayers for forgiveness were muttered by my cracked white lips.

"'I don't know how that night passed; but it seemed to me in one great awful stillness. Hec. howled no more; and he was quite forgotten, till all at once I started, for there was a touch upon my hands; when, as I looked up, day was breaking in a weird solemn way amongst the fir-trees; and, afraid of me no longer, Hector was licking my hands.

"'Then I laid one hand upon his shaggy head, looking into his great honest truthful eyes; and as I said to him: "Hec., old fellow, you won't betray me!" he raised his muzzle, and gave one low whimpering howl, and it seemed to me that we made friends, for with a last longing look at the grave, I stood up, and began to walk away, with the great dog following close to my heels.

"'We seemed to understand one another then, and to feel that we had a great secret to keep. He did not shrink from me, even when I took up my gun all wet and rusted with the night-dew, but followed me home. We had become friends once more, and, as it were, made a solemn compact over the grave; but, you see, sir, he has borne the secret better than I. He'll want a master soon, sir, for you are right—your medicine is useless for my complaint. Time back I'd gladly have killed him; but now I think I should be easier if I knew he would have a good master when I'm gone; and I know no one more likely to make him one than you.'

"He ceased speaking; and having several other patients to visit, I rose to take my leave, promising to call again. And the next time I did so, he was dead; while Hector followed me home."

The dog, who had seemed to understand the whole story, now gave a low moan—and followed his master slowly and sadly from the room.

Fiddler Foley.

Richard Foley was a farmer and a nail-maker at Stourbridge, England. Whether he farmed his own land, or rented it from a landlord, I cannot say; but it is certain that he made his own nails. For this purpose rods of iron had to be split into long narrow strips; and this splitting was a tedious process, and consequently made the nails the more costly. Then came the tidings that nails could be made far more cheaply in Sweden; and, presently, foreign traders introduced these Swedish nails into England, and undersold the Stourbridge manufacturers. Thereupon ensued great distress to the poor nail-makers, who naturally inquired the reason why the Swedes should be able to surpass and undersell them. The cause was not long kept a secret. A Swedish inventor had constructed a machine for splitting the iron rods and bars; and this machine was found to be so successful, that splitting-mills were set up; and by their aid the Swedish workmen were manufacturing thousands of nails with more ease and precision than the Stourbridge men could make their tens. It was the ordinary triumph of science over brute force; but it was clear that something must be done to rescue the Stourbridge trade from annihilation. The question was, what that something must be; and they turned to Richard Foley for a reply. But Richard Foley was not to be found; he had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from his nail-shop and from his farm. Inquiries were made for him, but without success; and weeks and months passed away, and nothing was seen or heard of him. The months increased to years, and still nothing had been seen or heard of Richard Foley. It then became evident that he had perished either by accident or by foul means.

But, nothing of the sort. Richard Foley was a self-contained man, and had formed his own plans, and desired to carry them out in his own way, without taking any second person into his confidence. Disguised in squalid clothes, without money, and with no other personal property than a fiddle, Richard Foley walked all the way from Stourbridge to Hull, fiddling for his food as he went. Arrived at Hull, he inquired if there was any vessel bound for Sweden. Such a vessel was then in the port and ready to sail, and Richard Foley obtained permission to go on board and work his passage. He not only worked but he also played, and Fiddler Foley established himself as a favorite to all on board. Arrived at Sweden, he left his sailor companions, and fiddled his way from village to village, keeping his eyes wide open for a sight of those splitting-mills, which were the goal of his adventurous journey. At last he reached the foundries, and it was then that all his intelligence was called into play. The splitting-mills were governed by the most rigorous rules, in order that the secrets of the new invention might be carefully guarded. None but the actual workmen were permitted to enter the mills; and they were not only sworn to secrecy, but were conversant only with certain portions of the process, and were ignorant of the invention as a whole. It was the design of Fiddler Foley to obtain access to the whole of the works and to master the entire process—if he were able. But he was a resolute man, and was determined to let no obstacles stand in his path to success.

For weeks he made his daily appearance in the neighborhood of the foundries and splitting-mills, until he had become an accustomed sight to the workmen, who, in their intervals of labor, were glad to be amused by his fiddle and humorous ways. He assumed the manners of a person of small intelligence, and was believed to be nothing more than a harmless, foolish man, who was not so bright as he might have been, but who had a fund of good humor and a talent for playing the fiddle. So it came to pass, that, after a time, Fiddler Foley became indispensable to the Swedish nail-makers, and was at length admitted by them inside their foundries and splitting-mills, in order that he might fiddle to them whenever they were able to snatch a few minutes' rest from their labors. No possible harm, it was thought, could ensue from allowing this poor, simple, half-witted, humorous fiddler to wander through the works and mills, which, as a rule, were strictly closed to all but the actual workmen. Fiddler Foley was therefore permitted to come and go as he liked; and he took full advantage of the coveted privilege. Like Sir Simon Simple he was not such a fool as he looked; and he kept his eyes wide open—attentively, though furtively, studying the various processes of manufacture that he had travelled so far to see. No portion of the machinery escaped his observation, and he studied it week after week with the utmost care and perseverance. When he found that he had mastered all the details of the work, and every step in the process; and when, by continued scrutiny, the form and fashion of every part of the machinery was indelibly stamped upon his memory, he then knew that the object of his arduous journey was accomplished. The next day, when the Swedish workmen asked each other where was Fiddler Foley, no one could give a definite answer. He was not to be found at his humble lodging or at any of his usual haunts; and it soon became manifest that Fiddler Foley had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

In due time, he, as suddenly, re-appeared among his old friends at Stourbridge, laden only with his fiddle and the precious burden of his secret. To establish the necessary foundries and splitting-mills demanded more money than he could compass. He, therefore, admitted two persons as partners of his secret, and sharers in his venture. One of these, I fancy, was Mr. William Brindley, of the Hyde, Staffordshire, whose daughter Alice he afterwards married; the other was Mr. Knight, founder of the Cookley iron and tin-plate works, whose descendant Mr. F. Winn Knight, of Wolverley House, is one of the members of Parliament for Worcestershire. It was at the Hyde, near Kinver, and not far from Stourbridge, that the Brindleys established the first mill for the manufacture of iron; and it, and the Cookley Iron-works are still flourishing. With the assistance of his two partners, Richard Foley built his splitting-mills, and opened his new foundries. The moment of success had apparently arrived, when a terrible disappointment burst upon them. The machinery was, in some way defective, and failed to split the rods of iron; and thus, the new mills were for all effective purposes, no better than the old ones. This was an unexpected calamity, and might have crushed an ordinary man. But Richard Foley was not an ordinary man; and with a resolute persistence to achieve what he had undertaken, he determined to return to the Swedish splitting-mills, and endeavor to discover the cause of his present failure. He, therefore, left Stourbridge as suddenly and mysteriously as he had on the previous occasion; and, as his journey to Sweden and its results had been kept secret from all but his two partners, it was concluded by his neighbors and the gossips, that poor Dick Foley's misfortunes and bad luck had been too much for him, and that he was ashamed to hold up his head and look the Stourbridge folks in face. Perhaps he had made away with himself.

But he had only gone away. He went, as before, in the same beggar's clothes, and with the old familiar fiddle; and he worked his passage across from Hull to Sweden, and he reappeared among his former friends at the foundries and splitting-mills. He had such a reception as might have been given to Paganini in the height of his fiddling fame. The workmen had been sadly dull without Fiddler Foley to cheer them, and they were overjoyed to welcome him among them once more. But he must not run away from them; in fact, they would guard against his abrupt absconding by providing him with a lodging in the very splitting-mill itself.

On certain nights in the week the mills were deserted by the workmen, although the fires of the foundries were never permitted to go out. Thus there was always warmth for Fiddler Foley at night; and, what was more, there was light. By the glare of the forge fires he was enabled to study the machinery, and to make measurements and drawings of its various parts, with materials which he had provided for that purpose, and which were carefully concealed under his ragged clothes. During the day he studied the actual working of the machinery, and was not long in detecting the few and apparently trivial matters concerning which he had erred in his first essay. It was not long before he had fully mastered the subject, and had provided himself with all the necessary plans. One night, he was locked up as usual, in the splitting-mill; but the next morning, Fiddler Foley had once more mysteriously disappeared. It was evident that, unless he had been entirely consumed in one of the fiery furnaces, he must have climbed up to an opening in the wall, and from thence dropped to the ground on the outside, and stolen away. For a time he was regretted, and then he was forgotten; and Fiddler Foley was never again seen in the Swedish splitting-mills.

Once again he reappeared at Stourbridge, and was seen in his own mills, superintending the erection of new and improved machinery. Then the mills were set to work, and it was found that Richard Foley had solved the secret. The iron rods and bars were split; and Stourbridge could now compete with Sweden on equal terms. Success now rewarded all his patient and self-denying toil, and the poor nail-makers were benefitted through Richard Foley's discovery. He married Alice Brindley and had a numerous family, to whom he left his well-established trade and the nucleus of that fortune which was so greatly increased by his son Thomas. Richard Baxter's funeral panegyrics, and the historian Burnet's eulogies, were reserved for this son Thomas, who, undoubtedly, made the most of his opportunities, and developed the works that had cost his father so much to establish; but, the true founder of the family was Richard Foley. So notable an example of English pluck and perseverance has rarely been surpassed; and his numerous and ennobled descendants may feel a just pride in being able to point to so worthy an ancestor as fiddler Foley.

The Prince Imperial, of France, is especially partial to pretty American girls, and dances with the few who are invited to the little balls got up at Compiègne for his diversion. Miss Payne is the most conspicuous of the little group of American princesses. She appears every day in very marvellous toilettes—and her fine chestnut hair is always a point of particular admiration. Her mother is almost as youthful-looking as her daughter; and dresses likewise in the true Parisian style. We will describe one of her toilettes: Black satin Louis XIV. dress, made with tablier, trimmed with Bruges guipure or bische, as it is sometimes called; long train looped up with roses; pointed bodice with a tuft of camellias at the side. Miss Parsons is another American young lady at present a guest at Compiègne; she is gay and lively, and possesses all those attractive qualities which make the ladies from across the ocean such welcome visitors in the highest circles of Parisian society. Miss Jerome, a belle with red hair, is a third American young lady, whose good dancing and pretty dresses are always worth looking at.

DO THE DUTY NEAREST.

Do the duty that lieth nearest thy hand,
And seek not thy mission o'er all the wide land,
Thy field lies before thee, around thee, and thine
Is the hand that should open that field's precious mine—
Whether country or city, green field or grand hall,
Shall claim thee, that claim is thy mission's loud call.

Oh! would I could tell thee, in words that should burn,
Of chances now lost that will never return,
And lost while thou'rt searching, with sad, anxious mind,
In some distant vineyard thy life work to find.
Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand—
'Tis the faithful in little that much shall command.

Where now thou'rt abiding, seek work for the Lord,
While thy heart and thy hands move in cheerful accord,
Give the kind word that's needed, the smile that will cheer,
And a hand to relieve the tired laborer near;
In the mart, in the field, in the dearer home band,
Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand.

The Smugglers' Museum.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

"Smuggling's no account now," said a man to me one day, who in early life had done some trade in a contraband way; "smuggling's no account now." "As you have no idea of resuming the smuggling line of business, perhaps you would have no objection to tell me how you used to manage?" said I. Upon this my friend looked at me with supercilious glance, and, speaking, gave me to understand that his operations were all conducted on the large scale. "What you want to learn," said he, "is *common* smuggling tricks; you can't do better than make a visit to the Custom House Museum." Explanations followed. There existed at the Custom House, I was told, a certain museum, a collection of smuggling devices and machinery.

Acting upon the hint thus conveyed, to the Custom House I went, and, presenting a card, announced my intention. A civil though lynx-eyed official eyed me o'er and o'er, and for some little time spoke indefinitely as to the existence of what I had come to see—perhaps he thought I belonged to the smuggler community, a thought concerning which it may be permitted me to say he was *bound* to dismiss as soon as he had looked me over, and enjoyed some conversation with me. What the tenor of that conversation was, no matter; just as little what the credentials I managed to show; enough to state that he and I were presently walking together towards the Smugglers' Museum.

Arrived there at last, he opened a cabinet, and drawing out something, handed it to me for inspection. "What would you call *that*?" he said; I replied, "I should call it a broomstick." "You are right," he said, "and here are others like it. Now I'll tell you something about them. Broomsticks are imported in good quantities, you should know, and some years ago a parcel of them were brought to the Custom House, and for some reason best known to the consignees never claimed. They remained on our hands and were laid aside as lumber in one of our offices. Well, it happened that on a certain cold morning two of our clerks concluded to amuse themselves with playing at single stick, using two of these broomsticks for the purpose. They had not been at play long before the end of one of the broomsticks flew off, just as you see there, when it was found that the stick had been hollowed out so as to make a sort of long box, which throughout its whole length was stuffed full of tobacco. For a long time past you see tobacco had been smuggled in that way until we discovered it."

"What do you make of that?" inquired my guide, handing me something that resembled the leathern sole of a boot. "A boot sole," I ventured to call it. "After a fashion, so it is," said he, "but not a leather boot sole. It is compressed tobacco." This was a favorite dodge, he explained, of dock laborers; one commonly resorted to, though frequently found out and its perpetrators punished. "Can't look into every pair of shoes, you know," rightly observed my guide.

"Nice coil of rope that, isn't it?" was the question put to me as my feet caught in an ordinary coil of black tarred rope, as it seemed. A minute ago I should have acquiesced; a nice coil of rope it would have been, but now I had grown suspicious. It occurred to me that smelling would enlarge one's knowledge, so I raised it to my nose. Tobacco, unmistakable tobacco. "Ay, bucky to be sure," said my guide; "and you can't think how difficult it is not to be deceived by rope like that. It's all very well to be handling and smelling just when there's one coil, but go into the hold of a ship with a lanthorn, see hundreds upon hundreds of rope coils, and then you'd find out how hard it is to know; one can't be handling and smelling every coil one meets with on board ship."

With this remark he kicked the tobacco rope aside, and handed me a hard mass of something that looked exactly like oil cake used for feeding oxen. Using my nose once more—until this time I had underrated the value of my nose—the same tobacco-like smell was perceptible. This pretended oil cake was nothing else than snuff powerfully compressed; to snuff it might be reduced by very obvious treatment.

The most ingenious device for tobacco smuggling had yet to be shown. The guide now drew my attention to it. "Here," said he, "is what you would call a bird-cage, and a bird-cage it is—a pigeon-cage. I should give you to understand that pigeons are imported in considerable numbers. Now you observe this cage is so made, that the birds are in several storeys, and that each bird has a space to itself. Very well: all under and round about those separate spaces you see what seems to be dead wood-work, but, in point of fact, the wood-work is all hollow. These hollow parts were filled with tobacco, and smuggled year after year; the trick was only discovered by accident."

Amongst other devices, I was shown boxes with false bottoms, jackets and waistcoats with loose linings; but these things were spoken of disparagingly by my guide, altogether so failing in cleverness to elicit his admiration or mine. These contrivances were represented to have done good duty once, for the smuggling not only of tobacco, but tea, and still more, lace. We passed on to the strong liquor series, and here the first thing he showed me was a machine devised for smuggling brandy up the sleeve by dock laborers. Fancy a bamboo tube something shorter than the distance between a man's elbow and his hand, attached at one extremity to a leather tube, and the reader will acquire a general notion of this ingenious instrument. Dipping the free extremity of the cane tube into liquor, as through a bung-hole, it of course would fill, all the air it originally contained being expelled through the leather tube attachment. Compressing this leather it follows that the bamboo might be withdrawn, its liquor contents not escaping, which done, the operator, if expert, could bend the bamboo tube on its leather attachment, after the manner of a hinge, and smuggle it up his sleeve. Scarcely had I finished admiring this ingenious machine, than my guide called attention to another, which left it far in the shade. "What is this?" said he, holding up what seemed to me a feminine garment. "That bears some small resemblance to a lady's petticoat, so far as I understand these matters," was my reply. "Truly," said he, "a petticoat it is; and now, before we go further let me tell you something. Many years ago, long before I thought I should have anything to do with the customs, being at Dover one day, I watched the people, as they stepped ashore, from the Calais steamboat. Amongst them was a lady, very well dressed, and, for a lady, with very little luggage. She had nothing but a carpet-bag, which was examined, and nothing improper was found in it. She seemed to be in a great hurry to get away, I noticed that. I fancy she waddled about somewhat; but sometimes women, and men too, *do* waddle about when they have just stepped ashore from a steamboat. Well, happening to follow this lady, I began to smell a strong brandy trail—there was no mistake about it. Somebody else smelled it too: an officer's hand was presently on her shoulder, she was taken away and searched by a female, and she was found to have one of those petticoats. There, look at it," said he, handing me over the iniquitous garment. I did look at it; more, I studied that petticoat. Up and down, from a little below the waist to the nether hem, large sausage skins had been sewn, need I say with what intention? He next pointed to an iron kettle—a tar or pitch kettle, such an instrument as one may see by the score in any dock, or on board almost any ship undergoing repair. There it was, to be sure, as honest a looking kettle as ever held pitch; and pitch-smeared it was too, inside and out. Whilst my two eyes were bent on this kettle, informant had opened a pocket-knife, and with its blade was scraping away from the edge of the vessel some pitch that had smeared over. He denuded a hole. "Look there," said he, "that hole leads to a hollow, that kettle *is* hollow; its bottom and sides are double. The mid space will hold a good deal of liquor, as you can well imagine; and when the hole is stopped with pitch nothing can come out. The kettle dodge was for many years a great success," said he.

He concluded by showing me a contrivance formerly much employed for the smuggling of foreign watches. That branch of smuggling has ceased now, since the repeal of the duty on watches. It was a book, the leaves of which, some few excepted at the beginning and the end, were glued together into a solid mass, like an artist's drawing pad. Fancy this solid portion punched full of round holes, each big enough to hold a watch; then fancy a loose leaf or two pasted down, and you will have a complete idea of this most ingenious contrivance. What more natural than that a lady or gentleman should be fond of reading; and how very rude of anybody would it be to take away a book for examination. So much then for the Custom House Museum, from the description of which I do not think any man or woman inclined to smuggle will have derived any encouragement. The Custom House people are evidently wide awake. He or she who would circumvent them now must get up very early in the morning.

☞ There is a steam hammer at Danville, Penn., which cost $40,000, and which will crack a nut without breaking the kernel, or crush a solid cannon-ball with a sixty-ton blow.

☞ Mr. Spinner's declaration that the railroad monopolies are fast acquiring control of state legislation, provokes much discussion throughout the country. The general sentiment seems to be that Mr. Spinner has hit upon an alarming truth.

☞ No Time to Understand.—"How is it, my dear," inquired a schoolmistress of a little girl, "that you do not understand this simple thing?"

"I do not know, indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look; "but I sometimes think I have so many things to learn that I have no time to understand."

☞ It is said by good judges that the faces of Americans are in reality remarkably like those of the antique Roman, and that the profiles represented on Trajan's column might readily be taken to be American. The square set of the jaw, the compactness of the head, and the sensuous mouth seem to be common to both.

☞ Last November a Foundling Hospital was opened in New York city under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. The present accommodations are very restricted, but measures are being taken to erect a large building. A suitable provision for the care of abandoned infants is a charity worthy of the consideration of the truly benevolent of all denominations. Many European countries have made careful and liberal arrangements for the support and education of foundlings. And facts prove that such institutions, instead of having a tendency to increase crime—an objection often made—directly tend to diminish it.

☞ Tea, silkworm, and oil-plant culture are thriving in Eldorado, California, under the auspices of a colony of Japanese. There is no good reason why tea should not flourish in certain sections of this country, as well as in China and Japan.

☞ The houses of worship are free all over the world, among all religions except Christianity; and of the three great divisions of Christendom—Romanist, Greek, and Protestant—the last alone adopts the exclusive system; a system whose practical working, in our large cities, is to shut out from the churches a large part of the poorer people.

Putting Her On An Allowance.

The general feminine idea of what is called "an allowance" includes the assumption that the person granting it is to pay just the same for everything for which the said allowance is disbursed as if no independent arrangement existed. I heard a charming story of a husband and wife, the other day, so illustrative of this that I am minded to repeat it. The wife had said laughingly to the husband—they were young people and sufficiently "well-to-do"—that he spent much more pocket-money than she did, and that he was altogether an extravagant fellow; so, in the evening, when he came home, he brought a purse full of greenbacks, and taking what each had remaining from their last supplies, equalized the two little piles to a shilling, and said, "Now, we'll start fair, darling, and see who is bankrupt first." At the end of a week they agreed playfully to compare notes; and then it was found that the wife had a few shillings more than the husband, upon which she was very jubilant and triumphant, and told her husband that she had always known him to be an extravagant fellow. "But, my child," he said, deprecatingly, "remember that when we have gone out together, I have paid the expenses of *both* out of *my* money. There were the railway fares to ——, and carriage, and the little dinner, and the seats at the theatre—all have been paid for out of my money; and there is that pretty new bonnet on your head, in which you look so charming." Upon which she lifted up her hands and made a mouth at him—(it was a very pretty one)—and cried out, "Oh, I am ashamed of you! You, indeed, to talk of chivalry, and think for a moment of taking a poor little woman out with you, and expecting her to pay her share of the expenses! What will the men of the period come to next?"

Of course there was no appeal against this. He could only put his arms round her and kiss her, and confess that he was an "extravagant fellow."

MATRIMONIAL matters are daily becoming more and more curious and strange; and one of the most curious recently transpired in a certain town in Ohio. A widow lady, who was a Spiritualist, became convinced that her affinity was the spirit of a gentleman who had been dead two years. She sought counsel of a medium, who advised her to be united to the deceased in wedlock. So the lady made all due preparations, such as brides are wont to make, and at an appointed time appeared at the house of the medium in bridal attire. She was placed in "communication" with the spirit of the departed, the ceremony was performed, and the two pronounced "man and wife;" after which the bride returned to her own residence, where she received the congratulations of friends, and a sumptuous repast was served in honor of the event!

WASHINGTON AND HIS GARDENER.—G. W. P. Custis, in his Recollections of Washington, gives a copy of a contract written in Washington's own hand, between George Washington and Philip Barton, his gardener. After the usual clauses, it provides that the said Barton "will not at any time suffer himself to be disguised with liquor except on terms hereafter mentioned." After enumerating the clothing, etc., to be furnished, it further says that he was to be allowed "four dollars at Christmas, with which he may be drunk four days and nights; also two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk two days; also a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner, at noon."

☞ Gov. Randolph, of New Jersey, in his annual message, says the state has assets on hand sufficient to pay off her entire debt, and that so far from being in favor of extending the suffrage as proposed by the Fifteenth Amendment, he thinks the present allowance of New Jersey suffrage too extensive already, and that it should be restricted so that a Jerseyman who is not intelligent shall not vote.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. About 2000 bbls sold at $4,25@4,50 for superfine; $4,75@5 for extra; $5@5,75 for low grade and good Pennsylvania family; $5@6 for North-West extra family; $5,50@6 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $6,50@7,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat. Sales of 2,000 bus of Pennsylvania, Western, and Southern red at $1,25@1,30 for prime, and $1,30@1,25 for fair to good. White—Small sales are reported at $1,50@1,75 ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 60,000 bus of new yellow at 86@92c; 10,000 bus of old yellow sold at $1@1,03, and 5000 do of old Western mixed at $1@1,03 ₩ bus. Oats—80,000 bus Pennsylvania and Western sold at 54@57c ₩ bus, the latter rate for choice bright.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of new mess Pork at $25@29. Mess Beef may be quoted at $23,50@24 for city packed extra family. Bed Hams are quoted at $30@31 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 16@20c; Excelsior hams at 22c; sides at 16½@18c, and shoulders at 14½c. Green Meats—Sales of 300 tcs pickled hams at 15@16c, and shoulders, in salt, at 11½@12c. Lard—Sales of 275 bbls and tcs at 15½@17c for steam and kettle rendered, kegs at 18c. Butter—Choice New York tub at 45@48c; Penna and Western and solid packed ranges from 35 to 42c. 800 Dressed Hogs sold at 11½@12c ₩ lb. Cheese—Sales at 16@18½c. Eggs sell at 28@40c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—1200 bales of middlings sold at 25¾@25½c for uplands and 26¼@26½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—120 hhds No 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 27@32c ₩ lb.

FEATHERS—Sales of prime Western at 75@85c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $2,50@3 for Western and New York. Dried Peaches and Apples; sales of Apples at 5@15c, and 50,000 lbs of Peaches at 6@9c for quarters, 11½@12c for halves, and 12@20c for pared. Cranberries sell at $12@15 ₩ bbl.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 30@35c and Wisconsin at 20@27c ₩ lb.

IRON—Pig Metal is not inquired after; sales at $28@29 for No 1; $26 for Forge. Bar Iron commands $2@2,30 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Sales of 1200 bus Cloverseed at 8¾@9,12½ for prime quality. Timothy commands $4,75@5.

WOOL—There is more doing; sales of 300,000 lbs, including fleece at 45@50c; tub at 38@47c; pulled at 40@43c, and unwashed at 31@33c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3000 head. The prices realized from 9¼@10 cts ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6@7¼c ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

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I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher Sun, New York. jan8-2t

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☞ Agents Wanted everywhere. sep11-6m

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Our Chinaman.

Amelia Eliza says I must say something about our Chinaman that Mr. John Y. Foster engaged for us on his recent visit to California.

This Chinaman came to the villa about a week ago in good order.

The ticket Mr. Foster & Co. tied to his pigtail with our street and number on it, was a capital idea. It expedited his delivery, and he was just passed along from one city to another to his right destination.

Amelia Eliza is delighted with him, and she tells all her lady friends that she means to have another like him just to do up-stairs work.

Of course these ladies were shocked at any such novel institution as a he-chamber maid. But they all sang another song when she showed them a bed that Chang had made up.

To-day Chang offered to braid her hair for her.

She was a lit le startled at this proposition, and asked me if she should let him try.

I said, certainly.

So Chang came into the sitting-room and went to work, but the poor fellow had a terrible fright when he discovered that her back hair was an entirely distinct affair from her other scalp covering.

He looked at me as much as to say—

"Is this your work? Did you pull all this out at the root? Is this the way American gentlemen treat their wives?"

I explained to him that it was not her own hair, but had been purchased down in Newark. That that was the style among all the ladies now.

I am afraid that I was a little hard on the ladies in general.

As a washer he's a success on anything but his own hands and face.

He irons well, but Amelia Eliza had to show him at first.

When she showed him, she did as most amateur laundresses do—spit on the iron to see if it be hot enough.

When Chang wants to iron he always comes to her with the same iron to be spit on.

I showed him how to light the fire, using a Tribune to ignite the wood with. I found out afterwards that he hunts all over the house for a Tribune, supposing that I want him to use only that particular newspaper for such purpose.

This incident, I believe, is highly characteristic of the nation he represents.—*McGoffin, in Newark Journal.*

Half Minutes with our Best Authors.

Mark Lemon wrote "Up and Down the London Streets." Well, after that, Mark Lemon can write anywhere.

Selina Bunbury wrote "Our Own Story." Very kind of her; but if she did, why did we not get the proofs for correction?

Author of "Cousin Stella" wrote "Who Breaks Pays." A perusal of this we would strongly recommend to all cooks and housemaids.

Somebody wrote "The Handwriting on the Wall." Oh yes! somebody always does, but nobody will ever confess to the act.

James Grant wrote "Second to None." Only in his own estimation, we should imagine.

Author of "Mabel" wrote "Wondrous Strange." But there is nothing either strange or wondrous now-a-days.

Somebody has written "True to Nature." Excellent person that! Why don't more people follow so good an example?

Mrs. Gaskell wrote "Right at Last." Both first *and* last we think.

Mrs. Craik wrote "The Unkind Word." Did she? Shame, shame! we didn't expect it of you, Mrs. Craik.

Mrs. Brock wrote "Broad Shadows on Life's Pathway." Did she, now? She must be a large woman.

Somebody has written "The Book that will Suit You." Well, considering how many we have had that didn't suit, we must order this book at once.

Annie Thomas wrote "On Guard." Ah! ah! Annie Thomas had caught it from the critics, we suppose.

W. H. Russell wrote "North and South;" but you needn't infer from this that he's given to extremes.

An Essayist has written "Tangled Talk;" that, however, is nothing new for an essayist.

Somebody has written a three-volume novel "All for the Best." This is more than we can say for the generality of three-volumes.

Somebody wrote "All Round Ireland on Foot." A wonderful creature this. Did he never sit down while engaged on his literary labors?

Anthony Trollope asked, "Can You Forgive Her?" but what reply the public made we never have heard.

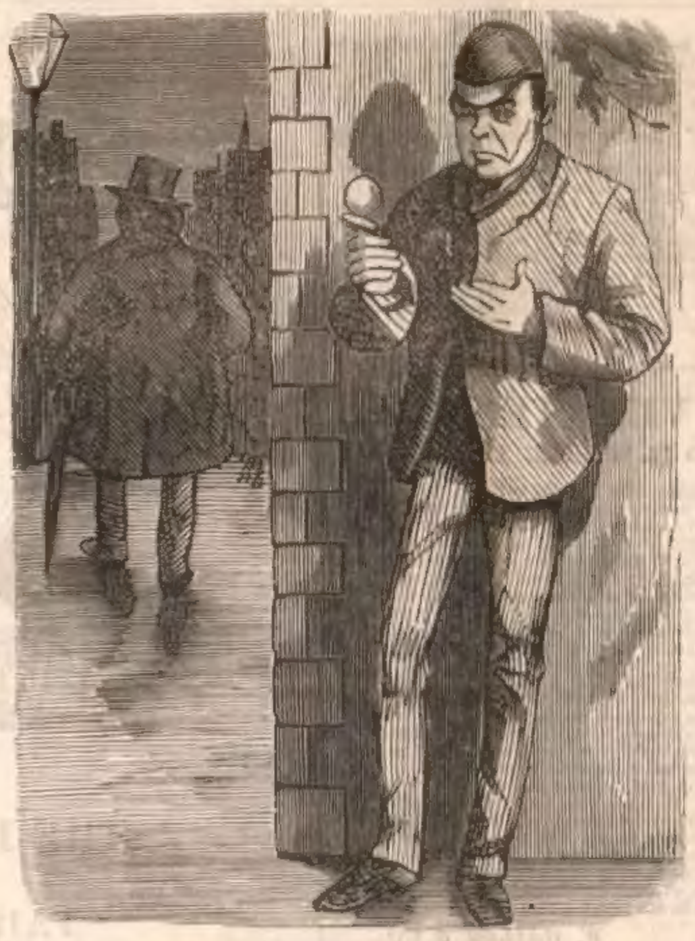
The Talented Young Man.

In person the talented young man is tall and generally thin, with fair and rather lank hair, brushed behind his ears, and no beard, unless he be an English talented young man, when one on approaching becomes dimly conscious of a faint glory of side whiskers. Talented young men from the continent of Europe, on the other hand, are usually bearded like a pard, and quite as averse to a change of raiment. But all alike wear glasses—which are so becoming, their lady friends tell them in pretty raptures—and are all interestingly pallid, with deep-set, dreamy eyes, and fair, high brows, gently spread over with a cast of thought. They all smoke a great deal and drink as much as they can, being easily fuddled, whereby they gain the reputation among their female friends of being very wild fellows indeed, and are sometimes, in moments of sweet confidence, gently reproved for their excesses, when they smile sadly, and shake a deprecating head, as much as to say it is the fate of genius. The talented young man is not often a dandy; he rather affects a certain laborious disorder, in his apparel, which shall single him out from the common herd, and so gain him the proud distinction which is the chief aim of his ambition—to be inquired after and pointed out as the talented Mr. Snooks.

☞ Dentist—"My dear woman, if you kept your teeth clean you would have less toothache."

Lady—"But, doctor, they say that washing the teeth wears them out."

Doctor—"Good gracious, madam! I hope you don't think that way when anything ails your feet."



HARD TIMES.

A HINT FOR WEARERS OF WATCHES.

DISAPPOINTED PICKPOCKET.—"Blest if I know what the perfeshun's a-comin' to. You'd 'a' thought a respectable ole chap like that good for a gold repeater at least. Blowed if it ain't one o' them Oroide watches."

How to Behave at Dinner.

Commence by complimenting the lady on your arm, because you should say something to make her think much of herself at the very time you are "taking her down." Don't commence to be too brilliant all at once, (you will find it easy to follow this injunction,) sarcasm goes badly with soup, and there is a prevalent frigidity for the first few moments of the banquet, which it is unwise to rudely disturb. With the fish may come your first flash of fun—delicate, refined, hinted rather than blurted out, put forth in fact as a feeler, an experiment to try the nature of your neighbor. Should she be alive to humor, you will really pass an hour or so's genuine enjoyment. But should she receive your small witticism with a withering frown or a supercilious half smile, half sneer, then you must summon all the Mark Tapleyism in your constitution and yield yourself blandly to the infliction of silence, or resolve to make her pleasant and responsive despite herself. This requires great delicacy, tact, and courage. Several learned writers on the subject have put forth directions more or less elaborate and unpracticable. Punch's infallible specific for such a case as this: "See that her glass is kept pretty full;" this, as the advertisements have it, is "never known to fail." Never tell long stories at dinner, dining-rooms are never so pleasant with long winders. If politics are mentioned, behave like the patent pill, and "agree with everybody." Don't argue with any one, reserve your strong opinions for your club smoking-room; what is the object of combating your fair neighbor's sentiments concerning the tenets of Rev. So-and-so, or the register of Mme. Somebody's voice? You won't convince her, she won't convince you; so do as the Cockney does with the letter H—drop it.—*Punch.*

EXPECTATION.

What news, I wonder, from the South!
  I saw a sail blow past the Head,
I wonder if my lovers still
Are watching for me from the hill,
Whereon the palms are dry with drouth,
  And ferns are crisp and dead.

I wonder if my lovers yet
Are all beginning to forget
How dear the day was when we sat
Upon our island Ararat,
  While floods were beating at its base,
And winds in anger seemed to fret
  Our new-found dwelling-place!

The bark was driven on the beach;
How far life seemed beyond our reach!
The shore was thronged with savage men;
They plunged into the surf, and then,
  Above the breakers' deafening roar,
They gave us each some cheering speech,
  And helped us to the shore.

What sweet, unprofitable hours
  We passed within the silent land;
Calm or impatient, sadly mute,
Or merry in a mild dispute;
Long days of summer, ripe and hale,
Our horizon hemmed in with flowers,
Till, rescued by a passing sail,
  We gave each dusky friend a hand,
  And parted on the sand.

I wonder how my lovers are!
  I wonder if the lime has shed
The name I cut upon its bark!
I wonder if they speared the shark
We chased one night by torch and star—
  He had our pet kid in his mouth!
The sea rolls in with easy swell;
  I saw a sail blow past the Head;
  "She's from the line," I heard it said—
And there is where my lovers dwell,
  Along the burning South.

☞ TIERS ARGENT.—This is the most beautiful and useful alloy of silver yet manufactured. It is made by simply melting together two parts of aluminum and one part of silver. It is hard and light, which two qualities, added to its beautiful whiteness, render it very desirable as a material for the fabrication of table furniture. Spoons, forks, goblets, castors, butter knives and salvers of this tiers argent have already come into use in Paris.

☞ A gentle Quaker had two horses, a very good and a very poor one. When seen riding the latter, it turned out that his better-half had taken the good one. "What!" said a sneering bachelor, "how comes it that you let your wife ride the better horse?" The only reply was: "Friend, when thee be married thee'll know."

The Sinking of an Oil Well.

The manner of digging or sinking an oil well may be of interest to some of our readers, and therefore we subjoin an extract of a letter from Mr. E. B. Chase, now at Marietta, O., to an Eastern paper. The process is as follows:—

When a well is to be sunk, the first thing required is an engine, which is stationed a short distance from the well, and is covered by a roof only in most cases; over the well a derrick is erected *fifty* feet high for the support of the drill-bar, which is connected with the engine by appropriate machinery.

After the work of drilling has begun, a man stands at the well, who, as the bar rises and falls turns it, and thus keeps the hole round. The bar and drill weigh twelve hundred pounds; and as it is raised a few feet and dropped again, sinks by its own weight at an average of from three inches to twenty-four feet a day.

As the bar descends it is held by a two-inch rope attached to the top of the derrick, and has a swivel to it, so as to permit the operator to turn the bar without twisting the rope.

The drill cuts six and a half inches, and this the whole size of the well.

It would be natural to suppose that water would interfere with the work; this is obviated by Artesian casing, which is sunk by degrees. Four drills are usually required in boring, and the average expense for machinery and work is four thousand dollars, although Wear well No. 1 cost sixty thousand, the result of accidents. This well is thirteen hundred feet deep.

Oil is either struck at two hundred, or else it is necessary to bore seven or eight hundred feet.

The various strata are as follows: red clay, white soapstone, blue soapstone, flint rock, red clay again, sand, red clay, and at about six hundred feet the cap rock, or oil rock, as it is called. After this is passed, oil is struck.

The sand pump is used from three to five times daily. This is a tube six inches in diameter and twenty-four feet long, having a valve in the lower end, which is forced open in descending and closed in the ascent, thus retaining the mud, &c.

When oil is first reached there is generally a discharge of oil and mud, often rising fifty feet in the air. After this flow, the force pump is put down.

It is very interesting to witness the operation of pumping. You stand at the large tank, and watch the pipe connected with the well; now you perceive gas escaping, which is a sure indication of a flow; and then the oil discharging from one gallon to two barrels at a time; then ceases for a while, and anon works as before.

The oil is very cold, and of a dirty blue color.

The eccentricity of nature shows itself in Exchange No. 1. This well flows at *four o'clock, Sunday, P. M.*, and at no other time.

☞ Somebody is going to make his fortune in consequence of the discovery of a method of making bread without grinding the grain, whereby all waste is saved, and much more bread produced than when the grain is made into flour. A patent has been taken out; but where can we get the recipe or the bread?

☞ The wife's inability to make good bread is a ground for divorce among the Arabs.

AGRICULTURAL.

Tending Stock in Winter.

1. "Saving!" That's the word. The whole secret of success in the management of a stock of cattle in winter rests with the farmer. If he uses judgment and care in feeding, his stock will come out in the spring looking well, and on much less fodder than if no consideration had been used in putting out the fodder. Farmers often complain that their cattle waste their hay, don't eat it up clean, and leave orts. The fact is, it is the farmers themselves who waste it. The cattle are not to blame, when twice the quantity of hay is put before them that they need, if they do pick out the best; but it is unjust to charge the dumb animals the faults the farmer himself is guilty of. Be saving of the fodder. Do not stint the stock: give them all they will eat, but no more.

2. Feed regularly, and give a good meal at a time. We know farmers who are in the habit of throwing in a light sprinkling of hay before their cattle and horses, whenever they go into the barn. As a consequence they are always uneasy and always hungry. If lying down, when for any cause, the farmer enters the barn for a moment, up they all jump and begin to stretch and bellow for something to eat. The stock of such a farmer is always poor and always hungry. The true system of feeding is to feed regularly and uniformly. Three times a day is often enough for all kinds of farm stock; although in very cold weather it may be well to feed four times, and on moderate days, only twice, especially to sheep.

3. In clean days give stock at least three hours' sun in the open yards, and see that the stables and tie ups are well lighted. Nothing is more unfavorable for the health and comfort of stock, than to be confined all day in a dark, unventilated tie up. When the cattle are in the yards take the opportunity to clean out the tie up, and litter the floor with the orts that may have been left in the crib. At no other time should they be removed.

4. Milch cows demand and should receive extra care and extra feed. In cold weather a greater amount of food is needed to keep up the necessary animal heat, and where but a sufficient amount is given for this purpose, how can an increase of milk be expected—indeed it is not more generally the case that in winter the yield of milk diminishes? But with a little extra pains, which will be more than made up by the extra flow of milk obtained, this can be done. Good hay, plenty of water, and a small quantity daily of some provender, will be found to pay well.

5. No farmer should attempt to winter a stock of cattle who has not a good supply of water. Stock of all kinds can get along on a small allowance of hay, for it can be made up in some other form; but nothing can take the place of water. It is needed for the very substance of life, and they cannot be denied it or put off with half enough. See to it that by some means every animal in your barns and yards has as much water daily as it will drink.

6. More than all this, and not less important, every animal has still higher claims upon man who has dominion over it. Food and drink are necessary, and must be provided for the wants of those who give so much in return—but every creature has also demands of kindness and affection upon his keeper. The man who feeds his cattle, but at the same time abuses and beats and overloads his oxen and horses, and kicks his cows, is more of a brute than they.—*Maine Farmer.*

Ground Hay for Cattle.

Joseph S. Kirk writes to the New York Farmer's Club as follows:—

"For some time past I have been making observations and experiments in animal food and obtaining what I believe to be an improvement, and I take the liberty of communicating to your club the results. Grass being the natural food for live stock, it is easily and properly masticated, and as a consequence its nutrition easily extracted. With hay, however, the case is different; for when fed in sufficient quantities, the animal, especially if its teeth have become flattened by age, attempts to satisfy itself by selecting the leaves and tender branches. To obviate this difficulty and prevent waste, cutting hay in short lengths has to an extent become general, and is no doubt a step in the right direction. My belief is that we should go still further, and grind the hay as we now grind oats and corn. It is thought that owing to its glutinous nature, hay could not be reduced to a state of meal, or if so reduced, the expense attending would not justify it. To test this I constructed a cutter and crusher on new principles, and the result was beyond my most sanguine expectations. Ten tons a day can be ground with one machine, at a cost not to exceed one dollar per ton. Ground in this manner hay is not unlike ground oats save in color, its weight being from thirty-two to thirty-six pounds per bushel. Mixed with chopped feed, such as corn or oats, it makes a cheap and excellent food. Thus we effect by mechanical means, what the hard working or decrepit animal is incapable of doing—perfect mastication."

Effect of Barbary on Wheat.

E. B. Seelye, of Hudson, Mich., writes the American Institute Farmers' Club:—"I heard it remarked, when a boy, that barbary would blast wheat. I have become convinced by sad experience that this is the case. Among the different kinds of shrubbery my wife has in the yard a barbary bush. This year I have wheat near by, say some ten rods, which is blasted, and although there is a good growth of straw, the wheat is worthless, while the rest of the field, as a general thing, is bright and good. And I can attribute it to no other cause than the bush. Upon reflection I find that it has had the like result in former years."

RECEIPTS.

GERMAN SOUP.—This soup requires two days to prepare. On the day before it is wanted take one cow-heel and six pig's feet. Remove the hair carefully from them, and stew them gently in five quarts of water. Skim well during the boiling process, and add one tablespoonful of salt. When all the scum has been removed, add three onions, a head of celery, two carrots (scraped, not cut,) a bunch of herbs, one blade of mace, and a few peppercorns. Stew these ingredients gently together until all the meat leaves the bones. Take the meat out, leaving the vegetables and bones to continue simmering. Before the meat cools, cut it up into small, square pieces. Strain the soup through a sieve into a clean earthen pan, and let it stand in a cool place until the next day. Before it is to be served, clear the stock from fat and sediment, put it into a saucepan, with six ounces of rice-flour and the same quantity of butter mixed smoothly with it. Let these simmer together for five minutes, then add the meat, the juice of a lemon, a little salt, half a pint of sherry, some cayenne pepper, Harvey or Worcester sauce, according to taste. Simmer again for a few minutes, pour the soup into a hot tureen, and serve with forcemeat and egg balls.

CARROT SOUP.—Four quarts of liquor in which a leg of mutton or beef has been boiled, a few beef-bones, six large carrots, two large onions, one turnip, seasoning of salt and pepper to taste; cayenne. Put the liquor, bones, onions, turnips, pepper, and salt into a stewpan, and simmer for three hours. Scrape and cut the carrots thin, strain the soup on them, and stew them till soft enough to pulp through a hair sieve or coarse cloth; then boil the pulp with the soup, which should be of the consistency of pea soup; add cayenne. Pulp only the red part of the carrot, and make this soup the day before it is wanted.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 98 letters.

My 57, 49, 4, 73, 59, 80, 61, 55, 58, is one of Shakspeare's characters.

My 41, 51, 11, 20, 29, 17, 50, 16, 42, 76, 57, 46, 69, 79, 60, 14, 6, 28, 90, is a well known authoress.

My 57, 54, 15, 80, 28, 70, 58, 32, was an usurper.

My 19, 8, 96, 62, 52, 12, 47, 5, 25, is the capital of a country in Europe.

My 37, 56, 3, 75, 10, 64, 38, 24, 68, 33, 72, 13, is the subject of one of Byron's poems.

My 28, 71, 2, 44, 66, 95, 7, 26, a decisive battle-field.

My 37, 85, 93, 34, 1, 75, 30, 27, 67, 41, 63, 11, was a reformer.

My 48, 8, 28, 96, 72, 16, 81, 92, 31, 18, is the most celebrated tragedian of his age.

My 90, 65, 74, 20, 83, is a favorite poet.

My 57, 88, 58, 22, 98, 94, 35, 37, is an ancient building.

My 51, 30, 95, 3, 5, 56, 45, 76, 99, is an amphibious animal.

My 77, 35, 89, 53, 43, 97, 58, 84, belong to all, but we shall never see our own.

My 39, 21, 40, 32, is part of a ship.

My 91, 47, 38, 80, 57, 76, is a modern country.

My 9, 66, 85, 75, 39, 1, 55, 57, 70, 89, 36, 90, is a spice mentioned in the Bible.

My 23, 71, 79, 45, 68, 29, 62, 5, is a small piece of money.

My 83 commences a state, a number, and a month.

My whole is a verse in the Bible.

"MYRA."

Problem.

A certain piece of land A B C D is bounded as follows: A B is 102 rods, B C 80, C D 136, and A D 150. Within its boundaries, 90 rods from A, and 48 from B, is a spring S, and the angle A S B is 90 degrees. If the line A S be continued it will pass through C, and if B S be continued it will pass through D. It is required to divide this piece of land into three equal parts by two lines, one of which is to pass through the centre of the spring from the second to the fourth side, and the other commencing at the centre of the spring and running to the third side. Required—the length of each division line.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Required the sides of a right angled triangle in whole numbers, containing over one hundred figures each, whose right angled sides differ by unity.

Send solutions to

ARTEMAS MARTIN,

Box 70, McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Problem.

There is a parallogram field of wheat to be harvested, whose area is 25 acres, the length being 60 perches more than the breadth thereof. What is the breadth to be cut away from each of its four sides, so as to harvest 10 acres thereof?

HILDEBERT KOBEL.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? Ans.—When long experience has made him sage.

☞ Why are old maids the most charming of people? Ans.—Because they are matchless.

☞ What grows the less tired the more it works? Ans.—A wagon wheel.

☞ Why are jokes like nuts? Ans.—Because the dryer they are, the better they crack.

☞ What is the form of an escaped parrot? Ans.—A Polygone.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—Marie Paul Roch Yones Gilbert Mortier, Marquis de Lafayette.

CABBAGE.—Shave as fine as possible—put in your kettle, in which have a little boiling water; cover, and when it begins to be tender, salt it; when done very tender, leave the cover off; add some butter (or the fat fried from salt fat pork is better) and pepper, and vinegar or not, as you like. Let the cabbage cook down as dry as possible without burning, stirring it frequently. Be sure and cook it until it is perfectly tender. It generally takes more than an hour.

CABBAGE AND PORK.—Cut the head in quarters and wash in cold water, and boil with a piece of thin middling. It will boil in half an hour in winter, but before frost it will take an hour. It is nice boiled with corned beef, skimming the pot well before putting it in.

SAUCES.—No. 1.—Mix 1 teaspoonful flour in 1 teacup water, with 2 spoonfuls sugar, and 1 butter; stir this in ½ pint boiling water, let it boil a few minutes; when add 1 glass wine and nutmeg.

No. 2.—Beat equal quantities of butter and white sugar to a cream, grate nutmeg into it. Beat all well together, and put to harden before serving it.

No. 3.—Melt molasses, butter, and vinegar together.

No. 4.—*Cream Sauce.*—Boil ½ pint cream, thicken it very little, put in a lump of butter; sweeten to taste; and when cold add 1 glass wine, or a lemon rind and juice.

MENDING RUBBERS.—We cut Indian rubber fine and dissolve it in benzine, put a patch of rubber over the place to be mended, and cement it on with the solution, which fastens the patch firm.—*F. H. Bleeker, Akron, O.*

POWDER FOR CHAFED SKIN.—Violet powder is an excellent preparation for drying the skin after washing. The powder is best prepared by mixing three parts of the best wheat starch with one of finely-ground orris root: the latter adds to the drying power of the starch, and imparts at the same time an agreeable odor, like that of the violet; hence the name of the mixture. It is also prepared by perfuming starch with essential oils, without the addition of orris root; but though the scent of the powder is stronger, and, to some, more tempting to use, it is far less beneficial in its application. The scent, acting as a stimulant to the skin, increases rather than abates any tendency to redness. Unperfumed powder is, therefore, best to use, dusted over the part with a little swan's down, commonly called a puff.